

1722/4 No 23
The VANITY of

Dogmatizing:

OR

Confidence in Opinions.

Manifested in a

DISCOURSE

OF THE

Shortness and Uncertainty

OF OUR

KNOWLEDGE,

And its CAUSES;

With some

Reflexions on *Peripateticism*;

AND

An *Apology* for PHILOSOPHY.

By JOS. GLANVILL, M. A.

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Hound in St. Pauls Church-Yard. 1661.



TO THE
Reverend my ever honored
FRIEND,
M^r. JOSEPH MYNARD, B. D.

SIR,

I Dare not approach so much knowledge, as you are owner of, but in the dress of an humble ignorance. The lesser Sporades must vail their light in the presence of the Monarch Luminary; and to appear before you, with any confidence of Science, were an unpardonable piece of Dogmatizing. Therefore whatever be thought of the Discourse it self, it cannot be censur'd in this application; And
A 2 though

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though the Pedant may be angry with me, for shaking his indear'd Opinions; yet he cannot but approve of this appeal to one, whose very name would reduce a Sceptick. If you give your vote against Dogmatizing: 'tis time for the opinionative world, to lay down their proud pretensions: and if such known accomplishments acknowledge ignorance; confidence will be out of countenance; and the Sciolist will write on his most presumed certainty; This is also vanity. Whatever in this Discourse is less consonant to your severer apprehensions, I begge it may be the object of your charity, and candor. I betake my self to the protection of your ingenuity, from the pursuits of your judicious censure. And were there not a benign warmth, as
well

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Well as light attended you, 'twere a bold venture to come within your Beams. Could I divine wherein you differ from me; I should be strongly induced to note that with a Deleatur; and revenge the presumption, by differing from my present self. If any thing seem to you to savour too much of the Pyrrhonian: I hope you'll consider, that Scepticism is less reprehensible in enquiring years, and no crime in a Juvenile exercitation. But I have no design against Science: my endeavour is to promote it. Confidence in uncertainties, is the greatest enemy to what is certain; and were I a Sceptick, I'd plead for Dogmatizing: For the way to bring men to stick to nothing, is confidently to perswade them to swallow all things.

The Treatise in your hands is a

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fortuitous, undesigned abortive; and an equivocal effect of a very diverse intention: For having writ a Discourse, which formerly I let you know of, of the Soul's Immortality: I design'd a preface to it, as a Corrective of Enthusiasm, in a Vindication of the use of Reason in matters of Religion: and my considerations on that Subject, which I thought a sheet would have comprised, grew so voluminous, as to fill fourteen: which, being too much for a Preface; I was advised to print apart. And therefore reassuming my Pen, to annex some Additional Inlargements to the beginning; where I had been most curt and sparing: my thoughts ran out into this Discourse, which now begs your Patronage: while the two former were remanded into the obscurity

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riety of my private Papers : The latter being rendred less necessary by his Majesties much desired, and seasonable arrival ; and the former by the maturer undertakings of the accomplisht Dr. H. More.

I have no Apologie to make for my lapses, but what would need a new one. To say they are the Errata's of one that hath not by some years reach't his fourth Climacterical, would excuse indeed the poverty of my judgement, but criminate the boldness of this Address. Nor can I avoid this latter imputation, but by being more criminal : and to shun this respectful presumption, I must do violence to my gratitude. Since therefore your Obligations have made my fault, my duty ; I hope the same goodness, that gave birth to my crime, will remit it. Hereby you'l further in-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

dear your other favours : and make me
as much an admirer of your vertues,
as I am a debtor to your civilities: which
since I cannot do them right in an ac-
knowledgement ; I'll acknowledge, by
signifying that the greatness of them
bath disabled me from doing so: an im-
potence, which a little charity will render
venial ; since it speaks your self its Au-
thor. These your indearments will ne-
cessitate me to a self-contradiction ; and
I must profess my self Dogmatical in
this, that I am,

Cecil house in the
Strand, March 1.
1660.

SIR,

Your most obliged

And

affectionate Servant

JOS. GLANVILL.



The Preface.

Reader,



O complain in *print* of the multitude of *Books*, seems to me a self-accusing vanity, whilst the querulous Reprehenders add to the cause of complaint, and transgress themselves in that, which they seem to wish amended. 'Tis true, the births of the Press are numerous, nor is there less variety in the humors, and phancies of perusers, and while the number of the one, exceeds not the diversity of the other, some will not think that too much, which others judge superfluous. The genius of
one

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one approves, what another disregardeth. And were nothing to pass the Press, but what were suited to the universal *gusto*; farewell *Typography* Were I to be Judge, and no other to be gratified, I think I should silence whole *Libraries* of Authors, and reduce the world of Books into a fardle: whereas were another to sit *Censor*, it may be all those I had spared, would be condemn'd to darkness, and obtain no exemption from those ruines, and were all to be suppress'd, which some think unworthy light; no more would be left, then were before *Moses*, and *Trismegistus*. Therefore, I seek no applause from the disgrace of others, nor will I Huckster-like discredit any mans ware, to recommend mine own. I am not angry that there are so many
Books

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Books already, (bating only the *Anomalies* of impiety and irreligion) nor will I plead the necessity of publishing mine from *feigned* importunities. Those that are taken up with others, are at their liberty to avoid the divertisement of its perusal: and those, to whom 'tis not importunate will not expect an *apology* for its publication. What quarter the world will give it, is above my conjecture. If it be but indifferently dealt with, I am not disappointed. To *print*, is to run the gantlet, and to expose ones self to the tongue-*strappado*. If the more generous *spirits* favour me, let *pedants* do their worst: there's no smart in their censure, yea, their very *approbation* is a scandal.

For the *design* of this Discourse,
the

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the *Title* speaks it. It is levied against *Dogmatizing*, and attempts upon a daring Enemy, *Confidence in Opinions*. The *knowledge* I teach, is *ignorance* : and methinks the Theory of our own natures, should be enough to learn it us. We came into the world, and we know not how ; we live in't in a self-nescience , and go hence again and are as ignorant of our recess. We grow, we live, we move at first in a *Microcosm*, and can give no more Scientific account, of the state of our three *quarters* confinement, then if we had never been extant in the greater world, but had expir'd in an *abortion* ; we are enlarg'd from the prison of the womb, we live, we grow, and give being to our like : we see, we hear, and outward objects affect our other senses :

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senses : we understand, we will, we imagine, and remember : and yet know no more of the immediate reasons of most of these common functions, then those little *Embryo Anchorites* : We breath, we talk, we move, while we are ignorant of the manner of these vital performances. The *Dogmatist* knows not how he moves his finger ; nor by what art or method he turns his tongue in his vocal expressions. New parts are added to our substance, to supply our continual decayings, and as we *dye* we are *born* daily ; nor can we give a certain account, how the aliment is so prepared for nutrition, or by what *mechanism* it is so regularly distributed ; the turning of it into chyle, by the stomachs heat, is a general, and unsatisfying solution.

We

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We love, we hate, we joy, we grieve: passions annoy us, and our minds are disturb'd by those corporal *estuations*. Nor yet can we tell how these should reach our *unbodied selves*, or how the Soul should be affected by these heterogeneous agitations. We lay us down, to sleep away our diurnal cares; night shuts up the Senses windows, the mind contracts into the Brains *centre*. We live in death, and lye as in the *grave*. Now we know nothing, nor can our waking thoughts inform us, who is *Morpheus*, and what that leaden *Key*, that locks us up within our senseless Cels: There's a difficulty that pincheth, nor will it easily be resolved. The Soul is awake, and solicited by external motions, for
some

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some of them reach the perceptive region in the most silent repose, and obscurity of night. What is't then that prevents our Sensations; or if we do perceive, how is't, that we *know it not*? But we Dream, see Visions, converse with *Chimera's*, the one half of our lives is a *Romance*, a fiction. We retain a catch of those pretty stories, and our awakened imagination smiles in the recollection. Nor yet can our most severe inquiries finde what did so abuse us, or shew the nature, and manner of these nocturnal illusions: When we puzzle our selves in the disquisition, we do but *dream*, and every *Hypothesis* is a *phancy*. Our most industrious conceits are but like their object, and as uncertain as those of midnight.

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night. Thus when some dayes, and nights have gone over us, the stroak of Fate concludes the number of our pulses; we take our leave of the *Sun* and *Moon*, and bid mortality adieu. The vital flame is extinct, the Soul retires into another world, and the body to dwell with dust. Nor doth the last Scene yield us any more satisfaction in our *autography*; for we are as ignorant how the soul leaves the light, as how it first came into it; we know as little how the union is dissolved, that is, the chain of the so differing subsistencies, that compound us, as how it first commenced. This then is the creature that so pretends to *knowledge*, and that makes such a noise, and bustle for
Opinions.

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Opinions. The instruction of *Delphos* may shame such confidents into modesty; and till we have learn't that honest *advise*, though from *hell*, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ; *Confidence* is arrogance, and *Dogmatizing* unreasonable presuming. I doubt not but the opinionative resolver, thinks all these easie *Knowables*, and the *Theories* here accounted *Mysteries*, are to him *Revelations*. But let him suspend that conclusion till he hath weigh'd the considerations hereof, which the Discourse it self will present him with; and if he can untie those knots, he is able to teach all humanity, and will do well to oblige mankind by his informations.

I had thought here to have shut up my *Preface*, being sensible of the

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tædium of long præliminaries. But lest the Ingenious stumble at my threshold, and take offence at the seemingly disproportionate excess, which I ascribe to *Adam's senses*: I'll subjoyn a word to prevent the scruple. First then, for those that go the way of the *Allegorie*, and assert *pre-existence*; I'm secure enough from their dissatisfaction. For, that the *ætherial Adam* could easily sense the most tender touches upon his *passive vehicle*, and so had a clear and full perception of objects, which we since plung'd into the grosser *Hyle* are not at all, or but a little aware of; can be no doubt in their *Hypothesis*. Nor can there as great a difference be supposed between the senses of *eighty*, and those of *twenty*, between the
Opticks

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Opticks of the blind *Bat* and perspicacious *Eagle*, as there was between those pure un-eclipsed Sensations, and these of our now-embodied, muddled *Sensitive*. Now that the *præ-existent Adam* could so advantageously form his vehicle, as to receive better information from the most distant objects, than we by the most helpful *Telescopes*; will be no difficult admission to the friends of the *Allegory*. So that what may seem a meer *hyperbolical*, and fanciful display to the *Sons* of the *letter*; to the *Allegorists* will be but a defective representation of literal realities. And I cannot be obnoxious to their censure, but for my coming short in the *description*.

But I am like more dangerously to be beset by them that go the way

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of the plain: and 'twill be thought somewhat hard, to verifie my *Hypothesis* of the literal *Adam*. Indeed, there is difficulty in the *Mechanical Defence*; and *Dioptrical* impugnations are somewhat formidable. For unless the constitution of *Adam's* Organs was diverse from ours, and from those of his fallen self, it will to some seem impossible, that he should command distant objects by natural, as we do by artificial advantages. Since those removed bodies of *Sun* and *Stars* (in which I instance) could form but minute angles in *Adam's* *Retina*, and such as were vastly different from those they form in ours assisted by a *Telescope*. So that granting *Adam's* eye had no greater *Diametrical* wideness of the pupil, no greater distance from the
Cornea

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Cornea to the *Retiformis*, and no more *filaments* of the *Optick nerves* of which the *tunica Retina* is woven, than we : the unmeasurable odds of *Sensitive* perfections which I assign him ; will be conceiv'd *mechanically* impossible. These difficulties may seem irresistibly pressing, and incapable of a satisfactory solution.

But I propound it to the consideration of the Ingenious Objectors, whether these supposed *Organical* defects might not have been supplied in our unfallen *Protoplast* by the vast perfections of his *Animadversive*, and some other advantageous circumstances : So that though it be granted, that an object at the distance of the *Stars* could not form in the eye of *Adam* any *angles*, as

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wide as those it forms by the help of a *Tube*; yet I think my *Hypothesis* may stand unshaken. For suppose two *Eyes* of an equal and like figure, in the same distance from an *object*; so that it forms equal *angles* in both: It may come to pass by other reasons, that one of these *Eyes* shall see this *object* bigger then the other: yea, if the difference of the reasons on both sides be so much greater, one Eye shall see it clearly, and the other not at all: For let one of these *eyes* be placed in an *old* body, or in a body deprived quite, or in a great measure of those *spirits* which are allowed the Instruments of sight, or of the due egress and regress of them, in their natural courses and channels; and let the other have a body of a clean contrary quality;

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quality; or let the *soul* that actuates one of the said *eyes*, be indued with an higher faculty of *Animadversion* (I mean with a greater degree of the *Animadversive* ability) than the *soul* hath, that actuates the other. In either of these cases, the fore-mention'd difformity of *vision*, will fall out in the same uniform case of *Dioptrical* advantages. For a little *angle* made in the *Eye*, will make as discernible an impression to a *Soul* of a greater *Animadversive* power, and assisted by more and meeter instruments of sight; as a greater *angle* can make to a *soul* of a less power, and destitute of those other Instruments, which are as necessary to sight as those *Dioptrical* conveniences. So that grant that the ob-

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ject

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ject set at the same distance made angles in the eye of *Adam*, no wider than those it formes in ours; yet that which we discern not, might have been seen by him, having more and better *spirits*, and being endued with a stronger *Animadversive*, according to mine *Hypothesis*. For there is the same proportion between a great power, and a little help, or a little *Angle*; which is between a small power, and a great help, or a great *Angle*.

If all this satisfe not, I begg from the ingenious the favour of this consideration: That some grains must be allow'd to a *rhetorical* display, which will not bear the rigour of a *critical* severity. But whether this mine *Hypothesis*

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pothesis stand or fall, my Discourse
is not at all concerned. And I
am not so fond of my conje-
ctures, but that I can lay them
down at the feet of a *convictive*
opposition.



To the Learned Author , of the
Eloquent and Ingenious *Vanity* of
DOGMATIZING.

P^Oets are but *Libe'lers*, I implore no *Muse* ;
Parnassian praise is an abuse.
Call up the *Spirit* of *Philosophy* :
Your worth's disgrac't by *Poetry*.
Summon *Des-Cartes*, *Plato*, *Socrates* :
Let this great *Triad* speak your praise.
Other *Encomiasts* that attempt, set forth
Their own defects, and not your worth.
As if a *Chamber-light* should dare essay ,
To gloss the beauty of the day.
He that thinks fully to describe it, dreams :
You're only seen by your own beams,
And only *Eagle-eyes* can bear that light ;
Your strength and lustre blindes weak sight.
Let *pedants* quarrel with th' light that detects
Their belov'd *vanities* and defects.
And let the *Bat*, as soon as day's begun,
Commence a suit against the *Sun*.
Let reprehended *Dogmatizers* stamp ;
And the scorch't *Moore* curse Heavens lamp :
While nobler souls, that understand what's writ,
Are debtors to your *strength* and *wit*.

You

You have remov'd the old *Antipathy*
'Tween *Rhetorick*, and *Philosophy* :
And in your Book have cloath'd *Socratick* sense,
In *D. messthenian* Eloquence.
Yo've smooth'd the *Satyr*, and the *wanton* have
Reform'd and made *Rhetorick* grave.
And since your Pen hath thus oblig'd them
'Tis fit they club t'express your worth. (both,

H. Darby, Esq;

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To



To his Worthy Friend
Mr. JOSEPH GLANVILL;
Upon the
Vanity of DOGMATIZING
in *Philosophy*, displayed in his
Ingenious Book.

NO *controversies* do me please,
Unless they do contend for Peace :
Nor scarce a demonstration,
But such as *yours* ; which proves, there's none.
Doubful I liv'd, and doubtful die :
Thus A'TO'E gave E'PH the lye ;
And with his own more aged *Criticks*,
Expung'd his Youthful *Analyticks*.
To make my Shrift, that certain I
Am only of Uncertainty;
Is no less glorious, then due,
After the *Stagirite* and *You* :
I am absolved, if the Hand
Of great *Apollo's* Priest may stand.
You have made *Ignorance* a *Boast* ;
Pride hath its ancient channel lost ;
Like *Arethusa*, only found
By those, that follow't under ground ;
Title your Book, The *Works* of MAN ;
The *Index* of the *Vatican* :

Call

Call it Arts *Encyclopaedy* ;
The Universal *Pansophy* ;
The State of all the Questions,
Since *Peter Lumbard*, solv'd at once ;
Ignorance in a learned dress,
Which Volumes teach, but not profess ;
The Learning which all Ages knew,
Being Epitomiz'd by you.
You teach us *doubting* ; and no more
Do *Libraries* turn'd o're and o're :
Take up the *Folio*, that comes next,
'Twill prove a *Comment* on your *Text* ;
And the *Quotation* would be good,
If *B C D L E Y* in your *Margin* stood.

A. Borfet, M. A.

TO



TO HIS
Ingenious Friend the Author, on his
Vanity of DOGMATIZING.

L Et vaunting *Knowledge* now strike fail,
And unto modest *Ign'rance* vail.
Our firmest *Science* (when all's done)
Is nought but bold *Opinion*.
He that hath conquer'd every Art
Th' *Encyclopaedy* all by heart;
Is but some few *conjectures* better
Than he that cannot read a *letter*.
If any certainty there be,
'Tis this, that there's no certaintie.
Reason's a draught that do's display,
And cast its aspects ev'ry way.
It do's acknowledge no back parts,
'Tis fac'd like *Janus*: and regard's
Opposite sides; what one frowns on,
T'other face sweetly smiles upon.
Then may the *Sciologist* hereby
Correct his *Metoposcopy*.
Let him, e're censure reason, sound
And view her lineaments all round.
And since that *Science* he has none,
Let him with you his *nescience* owne.

Weakness

Weakness acknowledged is best :
And imperfection when confess.
Meek and unboasting *Ignorance*,
Is but a single impotence :
But when 'tis clad in high profession ,
'Tis then a double imperfection.
A silly *Ape* struttingly drest,
Would but appear the greater *jest*.
But your example teacheth us
To become less *ridiculous*.
He that would learn, but what you show,
The narrow bounds of what men *know* :
And would but take a serious view,
Of the *foundations* with you :
He'd scarce his *confidence* adventure,
On bottomes which are so unsure.
In disquisitions first gulf
It would be Shipwrackt, sunk, and lost.

P. H.

READER,

That the *Author* may not be accountable for more faults, than his own ; he desires thee to correct, or at least to take notice of these *Typographical* mistakes : some of which are less considerable, but others, if unobserv'd, may disturb the sense, and render the meaning less obvious : thou art therefore requested to exercise thine ingenuity, in pardoning the *Printer* ; and thy justice, in doing right to the *Author*.

ERRATA.

Page. line. read.

20. 5. unite.

22. 2. apprehenders,

24. 9. spirits.

25. 7. spontaneous.

27. 7. principles and.

28. 27. motions.

29. 21. conceive it.

41. 10. considerations.

42. 11. composition.

Page. line. read.

65. 6. makes.

67. 16. and our.

70. 12. of reason.

99. 25. mad, that.

102. 5. be what.

103. 26. of.

113. 9. coufenage.

129. 20. the world.

140. 1. the best.

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The Vanity of
DOGMATIZING;
 OR,
Confidence in Opinions.

CHAP. I.

A display of the Perfections of Innocence, with a conjecture at the manner of Adams knowledge, viz. that it was by the large extent of his Senses : founded upon the supposition of the perfection of his Faculties , and induc'd from two Philosophick principles.



Our misery is not of yesterday, but as antient as the first Criminal, and the ignorance we are involved in, almost coæval with the humane
 C nature ;

nature; not that we were made so by our God, but our selves; we were his creatures, sin and misery were ours. To make way for what follows, we will go to the root of our antient happiness, and now ruines, that we may discover both what the *Man was*, and what the *Sinner is*.

The Eternal Wisdome having made that Creature whose crown it was to be like his Maker, enrich't him with those ennoblements which were worthy him that gave them, and made no less for the benefit of their receiver, then the glory of their Author. And as the Primogenial light, which at first was diffused over the face of the unfashion'd Chaos, was afterwards by Divine appointment gathered into the Sun and Stars, and other lucid bodies, which shine with an underived lustre: so those scatter'd perfections which are divided among the several *cantons* of created beings, were as it were constellated and summ'd up in this Epitome of the greater World, *MAN*. His then blisful
injoy-

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injoyments anticipated the aspires *to be like GODS* ; being in a condition not to be added to, as much *as in desire* ; and the unlikeness of it to our now miserable, because Apostate, state, makes it almost as impossible to be conceiv'd, as to be regain'd. A condition which was envied by creatures that nature had plac't a sphere above us, and such as differ'd not much from glory, and blessed immortality, but in perpetuity and duration. For since the most despicable and disregarded pieces of decay'd nature, are so curiously wrought, and adorned with such eminent *signatures of Divine wisdom*, as speak *it* their Author, and that after a curse brought upon a disorder'd Universe ; what think we was done unto him whom the King delighted to honour ? and what was the portion of Heavens Favorite, when *Omniscience* it self sat in Council to furnish him with all those accomplishments which his specifick capacity could contain ? which questionless were as much above the Hyperbolies that fond Poetry bestowes

upon its admired objects, as their flatter'd beauties are really below them. The most refined glories of subcœlestial excellencies are but more faint resemblances of these. For all the powers and faculties of this copy of the Divinity, this meddal of God, were as perfect as beauty and harmony in Idea. The soul was not clogg'd by the inactivity of its masse, as ours; nor hindered in its actings, by the distemperature of indisposed organs. Passions kept their place, as servants of the higher powers, and durst not arrogate the Throne, as now: no countermands came hence, to repeal the decretals of the Regal faculties; that *Batrachomyomachia* of one passion against an other, and both against reason, was yet unborn. Man was never at odds with himself, till he was at odds with the commands of his Maker. There was no jarring or disharmony in the faculties, till sin untun'd them. He could no sooner say to one power *go*, but it *went*, nor to another *do this*, but it *did it*. Even the senses, the Souls windows, were without

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out any spot or opacity ; to liken them to the purest Crystal, were to debase them by the comparison ; for their acumen and strength depending on the delicacy and apt disposure of the organs and spirits, by which outward motions are conveyed to the judgement-seat of the Soul : those of Innocence must needs infinitely more transcend ours, then the senses of sprightly youth doth them of frozen decrepit age. *Adam* needed no Spectacles. The acuteness of his 'natural Opticks (if conjecture may have credit) shew'd him much of the Cœlestial magnificence and bravery without a *Galilæo's* tube : And 'tis most probable that his naked eyes could reach near as much of the upper World, as we with all the advantages of art. It may be 'twas as absurd even in the judgement of his senses, that the Sun and Stars should be so very much, less then this Globe, as the contrary seems in ours ; and 'tis not unlikely that he had as clear a perception of the earths motion, as we think we have of its quiescence.

Thus the accuracy of his knowledge of natural effects, might probably arise from his sensible perception of their causes. What the experiences of many ages will scarce afford us at this distance from perfection, his quicker senses could teach in a moment. And whereas we patch up a piece of Philosophy from a few industriously gather'd, and yet scarce well observ'd or digested experiments, his knowledge was compleatly built, upon the certain, extemporary notice of his comprehensive, unerring faculties. His sight could inform him whether the Loadstone doth attract by *Atomical Effluvioms*; which may gain the more credit by the consideration of what some affirm; that by the help of *Microscopes* they have beheld the subtile streams issuing from the beloved *Mine-rall*. It may be he saw the motion of the bloud and spirits through the transparent skin, as we do the workings of those little industrious *Animals* through a hive of glasse. The Mysterious influence of the Moon, and its causality on the seas
motion

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motion, was no question in his Philosophy, no more then a Clocks motion is in ours, where our senses may inform us of its cause. Sympathies and Antipathies were to him no occult qualities. Causes are hid in night and obscurity from us, which were all *sun* to him.

Now to shew the reasonableness of this Hypothesis, I'll suppose what I think few will deny; That God adorn'd that creature which was a transcript of himself, with all the perfections its capacity could bear. And that this great extent of the senses *Horizon* was a perfection easily competible to sinless humanity, will appear by the improvement of the two following principles.

First, as far as the operation of nature reacheth, it works by corporeal instruments. If the Cœlestial lights influence our Earth, and advance the Production of Minerals in their hidden beds, it is done by material communications. And if there be any virtue proceeding from the Pole, to direct the motion of the enamour'd steel (however

unobserv'd those secret influences may be) they work not but by corporal Application.

Secondly, Sense is made by motion, caus'd by bodily impression on the organ, and continued to the brain, and centre of perception. Hence it is manifest that all bodies are in themselves sensible, in as much as they can impress this motion, which is the immediate cause of sensation: And therefore, as in the former Principle, the most distant, efficient working by a corporeal causality, if it be not perceiv'd, the non-perception must arise from the dulness and imperfection of the faculty, and not any defect in the object. So then, is it probable that the tenuous matter the instrument of remoter agents, should be able to move, and change the particles of the indisposed *clay or steel*, and yet not move the ductile easie senses of perfected man? Indeed we perceive not such subtile insinuations, because their action is overcome by the strokes of stronger impressors, and we are so limited in our
per-

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perceptions, that we can only attend to the more vigorous impulse: but this is an imperfection incident to our degraded natures, which infinite wisdom easily prevented in his innocent Master-piece: Upon such considerations, to me it appears to be most reasonable, that the circumference of our *Proto-plast*'s senses, should be the same with that of natures activity: unless we will derogate from his perfections, and so reflect a disparagement on him that made us. And I am the more persuaded of the concinnity of this notion, when I consider the uncouth harshness either of the way of actuall concreated knowledge, or of infant growing faculties; neither of which methinks seem to be much favour'd by our severer reasons.

Thus I have given a brief account of what might have been spun into Volumes; a full description of such perfections cannot be given but by him that hath them; an attainment which we shall never reach, till mortality be swallowed up of life.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Our Decay and Ruins by the fall, descanted on. Of the now Scantiness of our Knowledge: with a censure of the Schoolmen, and Peripatetick Dogmatists.

BUt 'tis a miserable thing to have been happy: and a self-contracted wretchedness, is a double one. Had felicity alwayes been a stranger to humanity, our now misery had been none; and had not our selves been the Authors of our ruines, less. We might have been made unhappy, but since we are miserable, we chose it. He that gave them, might have taken from us our extern injoyments, but none could have robb'd us of innocence but our selves. That we are below the Angels of God,
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is no misery, 'tis the lot of our natures ; but that we have made our selves like the beasts that perish, is so with a witness, because the fruit of our sin. While man knew no sin, he was ignorant of nothing else, that it imported humanity to know : but when he had sinned, the same transgression that opened his eyes to see his own shame, shut them against most things else, but it, and his newly purchased misery. With the nakedness of his body, he saw that of his soul ; and the blindness, and disarray of his faculties, which his former innocence was a stranger to : and that that shew'd them him, made them. Whether our purer intellectuals, or only our impetuous affections, were the prime authors of the *anomie*, I dispute not : sin is as latent in its first cause, as visible in its effects ; and 'tis the mercy of heaven that hath made it easier to know the cure, then the rise of our distempers. This is certain, that our *masculine powers* are deeply sharers of the consequential mischiefs, and though *Eve* were the first

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in the disobedience, yet was *Adam* a joint partaker of the curse. We are not now like the creatures we were made, and have not only lost our *Makers* image, but *our own*: And do not much more transcend the creatures, which God and nature have plac'd at our feet, then we come short of our antient selves; a proud affecting to be like *Gods*, hath made us unlike *Men*.

For whereas our ennobled understandings could once take the wings of the morning, to visit the world above us, and had a glorious display of the highest form of created excellencies, it now lies groveling in this lower region, muffled up in mists, and darkness: the curse of the Serpent is fallen upon *degenerated humanity*, that it should go on its belly, and lick the dust. And as in the *Cartesian hypothesis*, the Planets sometimes lose their light, by the fixing of the impurer *scum*; so our impaired intellects, which were once as pure *light and flame* in regard of their vigour and activity, are now darkned by those grosser
spots

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spots, which our disobedience hath contracted. And our now overshadow'd souls (to whose beauties stars were foils) may be exactly emblem'd, by those *crusted globes*, whose influential emissions are intercepted, by the interposal of the benighting element, while the purer essence is imprison'd within the narrow compass of a centre. For these once glorious lights, which did freely shed abroad their harmless beams, and wanton'd in a larger circumference, are now pent up in a few first principles (the naked essentials of our faculties) within the straight confines of a Prison. And whereas knowledge dwelt in our undepraved natures, as light in the Sun, in as great plenty, as purity; it is now hidden in us like sparks in a flint, both in scarcity, and obscurity.

For considering the shortness of our intellectual sight, the deceptibility and impositions of our senses, the tumultuary disorders of our passions, the prejudices of our infant educations, and infinite such like (of which an after occasion will befriend

friend us, with a more full and particular recital) I say, by reason of these, we may conclude of the science of the most of men, truly so called, that it may be truss'd up in the same room with the *Iliads*, yea it may be all the certainty of those high pretenders to it, the voluminous Schoolmen, and Peripatetical Dictators, (bating what they have of first Principles and the Word of God) may be circumscrib'd by as small a circle, as the Creed, when *Brachygraphy* had confin'd it within the compass of a penny. And methinks the disputes of those assuming confidents, are like the controversie of those in *Plato's* den, who having never seen but the shadow of an horse trajected against a wall, eagerly contended, whether its *neighing* proceeded from the appearing Mane, or Tail, which they saw moving through the agitation of the substance, playing in the winde: so these in the darker cels of their imagin'd principles, violently differ about the shadowes and *exuvie* of beings, words, and notions, while for the most part they ignore the substantial realities;

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realities ; and like children make *babies*, for their phancies to play with, while their useleſs ſubtilties afford but little intertain to the nobler faculties.

But many of the moſt accompliſh'd wits of all ages, whoſe modeſty would not allow them to boaſt of more than they were owners of, have reſolv'd their knowledge into *Socrates* his ſumme total, and after all their pains in queſt of Science, have ſat down in a profeſt *neſcience*. It is the ſhallow unimprov'd intellects that are the confident pretenders to certainty, as if contrary to the *Adage*, *Science had no friend but Ignorance*. And though when they ſpeak in the general of the weakneſs of our underſtandings, and the ſcantneſs of our knowledge, their diſcourſe may even juſtify *Scepticiſm* it ſelf; yet in their particular opinions are as aſſertive and dogmatical, as if they were *omniſcient*. To ſuch, as a curbe to confidence, and an evidence of humane infirmities even in the nobleſt parts of Man, I ſhall give the following inſtances of our intellectual blindneſs: not that I intend

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to poze them with those common *Ænigmas* of Magnetism, Fluxes, Refluxes and the like, these are resolv'd into a confest ignorance, and I shall not persue them to their old *Asylum* : and yet it may be there is more knowable in these, then in lesse acknowledg'd mysteries : But I'll not move beyond our selves, and the most ordinary and trivial *Phænomena* in nature, in which we shall finde enough to shame confidence, and unplume *Dogmatizing*.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Instances of our Ignorance propounded,
 (1) *of things within our selves.*
The nature of the Soul, and its origi-
ne, glanc'd at and past by;
 (1) *It's union with the body is un-*
conceivable : So (2) is its moving
the body, consider'd either in the
way of Sir K. Digby, Des-Cartes,
or Dr. H. More, and the Plato-
nists. (3) The manner of direction
of the Spirits, as unexplicable.

IN the prosecution of our intendment
 wee'll first instance in some things in the
 generall, which concern the soul in this
 state of terrestriall union; and then speak
 more particularly to some faculties with-
 in us, a scientificall account of which

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mortality

mortality is unacquainted with. Secondly we intend to note some mysteries, which relate to matter and Body. And Thirdly to shew the unintelligible intricacy of some ordinary appearances.

§ 1. It's a great question with some what the *soul* is. And unlesse their phancies may have a sight and sensible palpation of that more clarified substance, they will prefer infidelity, it self to an unimaginable *Idea*. I'le onely mind such, that the soul is seen, as other things, in the Mirrour of its effects, and attributes: But, if like children they'll run behind the glass to see its *naked face*, their expectation will meet with nothing but vacuity & emptiness. And though a pure Intellectual eye may have a sight of it in reflex discoveries; yet, if we affect a grosser touch, like *Ixiō* we shal embrace a cloud.

§ 2. And it hath been no less a trouble to the world to determine whence it came, then what it is. Whether it were made by an immediate creation, or seminall traduction, hath been a Ball of contention to the most learned ages:
And

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And yet after all the bandying attempts of resolution it is as much a question as ever, and it may be will be so till it be concluded by immortality. Some ingenious ones think the difficulties, which are urged by each side against the other, to be pregnant proofs of the falshood of both; and substitute an hypothesis, which for probability is supposed to have the advantage of either. But I shall not stir in the waters, which have been already mudded by so many contentious enquiries. The great *St. Austin*, and others of the gray heads of reverend Antiquity have been content to sit down here in a profest neutrality: And I'll not industriously endeavour to urge men to a confession of what they freely acknowledge; but shall note difficulties which are not so usually observ'd, but as insoluble as these.

§ 3. It is the saying of divine *Plato*, that Man is natures *Horizon*; dividing betwixt the upper *Hemisphere* of immateriall intellects, and this lower of Corporeity: And that we are a Compound

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of beings distant in extreame, is as clear as Noon. But how the purer Spirit is united to this clod, is a knot too hard for fallen Humanity to untie. What cement should unite heaven and earth, light and darkness, natures of so divers a make, of such disagreeing attributes, which have almost nothing, but *Being*, in common; This is a riddle, which must be left to the coming of *Elias*. How should a thought be united to a marble-statue, or a sun-beam to a lump of clay! The freezing of the words in the air in the northern climes, is as conceivable, as this strange union. That this active spark, this *πνεῦμα πῦρ* [as the Stoicks call it] should be confined to a Prison it can so easily pervade, is of less facill apprehension, then that the light should be pent up in a box of Crystill, and kept from accompanying its source to the lower world: And to hang weights on the wings of the winde seems far more intelligible.

In the unions, which we understand, the extreame are reconciled by
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DOGMATIZING. 21

interceding participations of natures, which have somewhat of either. But Body and Spirit stand at such a distance in their essentiall compositions, that to suppose an uniter of a middle constitution, that should partake of some of the qualities of both, is unwarranted by any of our faculties, yea most absonous to our reasons; since there is not any the least affinity betwixt length, breadth and thickness, and apprehension, judgement and discourse: The former of which are the most immediate results [if not essentials] of Matter, the latter of Spirit.

§ 4. Secondly, We can as little give an account, how the *Soul moves the Body*. That, that should give motion to an unwieldy bulk, which it self hath neither bulk nor motion; is of as difficil an apprehension, as any mystery in nature. For though conceiving it under some phancied appearance, and pinning on it materiall affections, the doubt doth not so sensibly touch us; since under such conceptions we have the advan-

rage of our senses to befriend us with parallels, and gross apprehenders may not think it any more strange, then that a Bullet should be moved by the rarified fire; or the clouds carryed before the invisible winds: yet if we defæcate the notion from materiality, and abstract quantity, locality and all kind of corporeity from it, and represent it to our thoughts either under the notion of the ingenious Sir K. Digby as a pure *Mind* and *Knowledge*, or as the admir'd *Descartes* expresses it, *une chose qui pense*, as a *thinking substance*; it will be as hard to apprehend, as that an empty wish should remove Mountains: a supposition which if realized, would relieve *Sisyphus*. Nor yet doth the ingenious hypothesis of the most excellent *Cantabrigian* Philosopher, of the souls being an *extended penetrable substance*, relieve us; since, how that which penetrates all bodies without the least jog or obstruction, should impress a motion on any, is by his own confession alike inconceivable. Neither will its moving the
 Body

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Body by a vehicle of Spirits, avail us; since they are Bodies too, though of a purer mould. And to credit the unintelligibility both of this union and motion, we need no more then to consider, that when we would conceive any thing which is not obvious to our senses, we have recourse to our memories the store-house of past observations: and turning over the treasure that is there, seek for something of like kind, which hath formerly come within the notice of our outward or inward senses. So that we cannot conceive any thing, which comes not within the verge of our senses; but either by like experiments which we have made, or at least by some remoter hints which we receive from them. And where such are wanting, I cannot apprehend how the thing can be conceived. If any think otherwise, let them carefully examine their thoughts; and, if they finde a determinate intellection of any Modes of Being, which were never in the least hinted to them by their external or internal senses; I'll beleeve that

such can realize *Chimara's*. But now in the cases before us there are not the least footsteps, either of such an Union, or Motion, in the whole circumference of sensible nature: And we cannot apprehend any thing beyond the evidence of our faculties.

§ 5. Thirdly, How the soul *directs* the *Spirits* for the motion of the Body according to the several animal exigents; is as perplex in the theory, as either of the former. For the *meatus*, or passages, through which those subtile emissaries are conveyed to the respective members, being so almost infinite, and each of them drawn through so many meanders, cross turnings, and divers roades, wherein other spirits are continually a journeying; it is wonderfull, that they should exactly perform their regular destinations without losing their way in such a wilderness: neither can the wit of man tell how they are directed. For that they are carried by the manuduction of a Rule, is evident from the constant steddyneſs and regularity of their motion into the
parts,

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parts, where their supplies are expected: But, what that regulating efficiency should be, and how managed; is not easily determin'd. That it is performed by meer *Mechanisme*, constant experience confutes; which assureth us, that our spontaneous motions are under the Imperium of our will. At least the first determination of the Spirits into such or such passages, is from the soul, what ever we hold of the after conveyances; of which likewise I think, that all the philosophy in the world cannot make it out to be purely Mechanicall. But yet though we gain this, that the soule is the principle of direction, the difficulty is as formidable as ever. For unless we allow it a kinde of inward sight of the Anatomickall frame of its owne body of every vein, muscle, and artery; of the exact site, and position of them, with their severall windings, and secret chanel: it is as unconceivable how it should be the Directrix of such intricate motions, as that a blind man should manage a game at Chess.

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But this is a kinde of knowledge, that we are not in the least aware of: yea many times we are so far from an attention to the inward direction of the spirits, that our employ'd mindes observe not any method in the outward performance; even when 'tis manag'd by variety of interchangeable motions, in which a steady direction is difficult, and a miscarriage easy. Thus an Artist will play a Lesson on an instrument without minding a stroke; and our tongues will run divisions in a tune not missing a note, even when our thoughts are totally engaged elsewhere: which effects are to be attributed to some secret Art of the Soul, which to us is utterly occult, and without the ken of our Intellects.

CHAP. IV.

(4) We can give no account of the manner of Sensation: nor (5) of the nature of the Memory. It is consider'd according to the philosophy of Des-Cartes, Sir K. Digby, Aristotle and Mr. Hobbs, and all ineffectuall. Some other unexplicables mention'd.

§ 6. **B**Ut besides those abstrusities, that lie more deep, and are of a more mysterious alloy; we are at a loss for a scientificall account even of our Senses, the most knowable of our faculties. Our eyes, that see other things, see not themselves: And those principles and foundations of knowledge are themselves unknown. That the soul is the sole Percipient, which alone hath animation

version and sense properly so called, and that the Body is only the receiver and conveyer of corporeall impressions, is as certain, as Philosophy can make it. *Aristotle* himself teacheth so much in that Maxime of his Νοῦς ὁρᾷ, καὶ οὐκ αἰσθάνεται. And *Plato* credits this position with his suffrage; affirming, that 'tis the soul that hath life and sense, but the body neither. But this is so largely prosecuted by that wonder of men, the Great *Des-Cartes*, and is a Truth that shines so clear in the Eyes of all considering men; that to goe about industriously to prove it, were to light a candle to seek the Sun: we'll therefore suppose it, as that which needs not amuse us; but yet, what are the instruments of sensible perceptions and particular conveyers of outward motions to the seat of sense, is difficult: and how the pure mind can receive information from that, which is not in the least like it self, and but little resembling what it represents; I think inexplicable. Whether Sensation be made by corporall emissions and materiall εἰσβολαί, or by motions imprest on the Æthereall

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Æthereall matter, and carryed by the continuity thereof to the Common sense; I'll not revive into a Dispute: The ingenuity of the latter hath already given it almost an absolute victory over its Rivall. But suppose which we will, there are doubts not to be solv'd by either. For how the soule by mutation made in matter a substance of another kind, should be excited to action; and how bodily alterations and motions should concern it, which is subject to neither; is a difficulty which confidence may triumph over sooner, then conquer. For body cannot act on any thing but by motion; motion cannot be received but by quantative dimension; the soul is a stranger to such gross substantiality, and hath nothing of quantity, but what it is cloathed with by our deceived phancies; and therefore how can we conceive, under a passive subjection to material impressions? and yet the importunity of pain, and unavoidable-ness of sensations strongly perswade, that we are so. Some say, that the soul indeed is not passive under the materiall phantasms; but doth only intuitively
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view them by the necessity of her Nature, and so observes other things in these their representatives. But how is it, and by what Art doth the soul read that such an image or stroke in matter [whether that of her vehicle, or of the Brain, the case is the same] signifies such an object? Did we learn such an Alphabet in our Embryo-state? And how comes it to pass, that we are not aware of any such congenite apprehensions? We know what we know; but do we know any more? That by diversity of motions we should spell out figures, distances, magnitudes, colours, things not resembled by them; we must attribute to some secret deduction. But what this deduction should be, or by what mediums this Knowledge is advanced; is as dark, as Ignorance it self. One, that hath not the knowledge of Letters, may see the Figures; but comprehends not the meaning included in them: An infant may hear the sounds, and see the motion of the lips; but hath no conception conveyed by them, not knowing what they are intended to signify. So our souls, though they might have perceived

ceived the motions and images themselves by simple sense; yet without some implicit inference it seems inconceivable, how by that means they should apprehend their *Archetypes*. Moreover images and motions are in the Brain in a very inconsiderable latitude of space; and yet they represent the greatest magnitudes. The image of an Hemisphere of the upper Globe cannot be of a wider circumference, then a Wall-nut: And how can such petty impressions notifie such vastly expanded objects, but through some kind of Scientifical method, and Geometry in the Principle? without this it is not conceivable how distances should be perceiv'd, but all objects would appear in a cluster, and lie in as narrow a room as their images take up in our scanter *Craniums*. Nor will the Philosophy of the most ingenious *Des-Cartes* help us out: For that striking upon divers filaments of the brain cannot well be supposed to represent their respective distances, except some such kind of Inference be allotted us in our faculties; the concession of which will only steed

us as a Refuge for Ignorance, where we shall meet, what we would seem to shun.

§. 7. The *Memory* is a faculty whose nature is as obscure, and hath as much of Riddle in it as any of the former ; It seems to be an Organical Power, because bodily distempers often marr its *Idea's*, and cause a total oblivion : But what instruments the Soul useth in her review of past impressions, is a question which may drive Enquiry to despair. There are four principal *Hypotheses* by which a Resolution hath been attempted. The first that I'll mention, is that of the incomparable *Des-Cartes*, who gives this account : The *Glandula pinealis*, by him made the seat of Common Sense, doth by its motion impel the Spirits into divers parts of the Brain ; till it find those wherein are some tracks of the object we would remember ; which consists in this, *viz.* That the Pores of the Brain, through the which the Spirits before took their course, are more easily opened to the Spirits which demand re-entrance ; so that finding those pores, they make their way

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way through them sooner then through others: whence there ariseth a special motion in the *Glandula*, which signifies this to be the object we would remember. A second is, that of the ingenious Sir *K. Digby*, a summary of which is, That things are reserved in the memory by some corporeal *exuvia* and material Images; which having impinged on the Common sense, rebound thence into some vacant cells of the Brain, where they keep their ranks and postures in the same order that they entred, till they are again stirr'd up; and then they slide through the *Fancy*, as when they were first presented. These are the endeavours of those two *Grand Sages*, then whom it may be the Sun never saw a more learned pair. And yet as a sad evidence of the infirmities of laps'd humanity: these great *Sophi* fail here of their wonted success in unridling Nature. And I think Favour it self can say no more of either *Hypothesis*, then that they are ingenious attempts. Nor do I speak this to derogate from the Grandeur of their Wits us'd to Victory: I should rather confer

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what I could to the erecting of such Trophies to them, as might eternize their Memories. And their coming short here, I think not to be from defect of their personal abilities, but specifick constitution; and the doubt they leave us in, proceeds from hence, that they were no more then *men*. I shall consider what is mentioned from them apart, before I come to the other two: And what I am here about to produce, is not to argue either of these Positions of Falseness; but of Unconceiveableness. In the general, what hath been urg'd under the former head, stands in full force against both these, and them that follow. But to the first; If *Memory* be made by the *easy motion* of the *Spirits* through the opened *passages*, according to what hath been noted from *Descartes*; whence have we a distinct Remembrance of such diversity of Objects, whose Images without doubt pass through the same *apertures*? And how should we recall the distances of Bodies which lye in a line? Or, is it not likely, that the impell'd Spirits might light upon other Pores accommodated to their purpose through

through the *Motion* of other Bodies through them? Yea, in such a *pervious* substance as the *Brain*, they might finde an easie either entrance, or *exit*, almost every where; and therefore to shake every grain of corn through the same holes of a Sieve in repeated winnowings, is as easie to be performed as this to be conckived. Besides, it's difficult to apprehend, but that these *avenues* should in a very short time be stopped up by the pressure of other parts of the matter, through its natural *gravity*, or other alterations made in the *Brain*: And the opening of other *vicine passages* might quickly obliterate any tracks of these: as the making of one hole in the yeelding *mud*, defaces the print of another near it; at least the accession of enlargement, which was derived from such transitions, would be as soon lost, as made. But for the *second*, How is it imaginable, that those active *particles*, which have no *cement* to unite them, nothing to keep them in the order they were set, yea, which are ever and anon justled by the occursion of other bodies, whereof there is an infinite store

in this Repository, should so orderly keep their Cells without any alteration of their site or posture, which at first was allotted them? And how is it conceivable, but that carelessly turning over the Idea's of our mind to recover something we would remember, we should put all the other Images into a disorderly floating, and so raise a little *Chaos* of confusion, where Nature requires the exactest order. According to this account, I cannot see, but that our *Memories* would be more confused then our Mid-night compositions: For is it likely, that the divided *Atoms* which presented themselves together, should keep the same ranks in such a variety of tumultuary agitations, as happen in that liquid *Medium*? An heap of Ants on an Hillock will more easily be kept to an uniformity in motion; and the little bodies which are incessantly playing up and down the Air in their careless postures, are as capable of Regularity as these. Much more might be added, but I intend only a touch.

But a Third way, that hath been attempted,

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tempted, is that of *Aristotle*, which says, that Objects are conserved in the *Memory* by certain *intentional* Species, Beings, which have nothing of Matter in their Essential Constitution, but yet have a necessary subjective dependence on it, whence they are called *Material*. To this briefly.

Besides that these Species are made a *Medium* between Body and Spirit, and therefore partake of no more of Being, then what the charity of our Imaginations affords them; and that the supposition infers a creative *energie* in the object their producent, which Philosophy allows not to Creature-Efficients: I say, beside these, it is quite against their nature to subsist, but in the presence and under the actual influence of their cause; as being produc'd by an Emanative Causality, the Effects whereof dye in the removal of their Origine. But this superannuated conceit deserves no more of our remembrance, then it contributes to the apprehension of it. And therefore I pass on to the last.

Which is that of Mr. *Hobbs*, that *Memory* is nothing else but the knowledge

of *decaying Sense*, which is made by the *reaction* of one *body* against another ; or, as he expresses it in his *Humane Nature*, a *Mixing of Parts in an Object*. The foundation of this *Principle* [as of many of its fellows] is totally ever'st by the most ingenious *Commentator* upon *Immaterial Beings*, Dr. H. More in his book of *Immortality*. I shall therefore leave that cause in the hands of that most learned undertaker , and only observe two things to my present purpose. (1). Neither the *Brain*, nor *Spirits*, nor any other material substance within the *Head* can for any considerable space of time conserve *motion*. The former is of such a clammy consistence, that it can no more retain it then a *Quagmire* : And the *Spirits* for their liquidity are more incapable then the fluid *Medium*, which is the conveyer of *Sounds*, to persevere in the continued repetition of *vocal Airs*. And if there were any other substance within us, as fitly temper'd to preserve *motion*, as the Author of the opinion could desire : Yet (2.) which will equally press against either of the former, this motion
would

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would be quickly deadned even to an utter cessation, by *counter-motions* ; and we should not remember any thing, but till the next impression. Much less can this *Principle* give an account, how such an abundance of *motions* should orderly succeed one another, as things do in our *memories* : And to remember a *song* or *tune*, it will be required, that our Souls be an *harmony* more then in a *Metaphor* continually running over in a silent whisper those *Musical accents* which our retentive faculty is preserver of. Which could we suppose in a single Instance ; yet a multitude of *Musical Consonancies* would be as impossible , as to play a thousand tunes on a *Lute* at once. One motion would cross and destroy another ; all would be clashing and discord : And the *Musicians Soul* would be the most *disharmonious* : For according to the tenour of this opinion, our *memories* will be stored with infinite variety of divers, yea contrary motions, which must needs interfere, thwart, and obstruct on another : and there would be nothing within us, but *Ataxy* and disorder.

s. 8. Much more might be added of the difficulties, which occur touching the *Understanding*, *Phancy*, *Will*, and *Affections*. But the Controversies hereabout, are so hotly manag'd by the divided *Schools*, and so voluminously every where handled; that it will be thought better to say nothing of them, than a little. The sole difficulties about the *Will*, its nature, and sequency to the *Understanding*, &c. have almost quite baffled inquiry, and shewn us little else, but that our *Understandings* are as *blind* as it is. And the grand question depending hereon, Πότεν τὸ καλόν; I think will not be ended, but by the final abolition of its object. They, that would lose their *Knowledge* here, let them diligently inquire after it. Search will discover that *Ignorance*, which is as invincible, as its Cause. These *Controversies*, like some *Rivers*, the further they run, the more they are hid. And I think a less account is given of them now, than some *Centuries* past; when they were a subject of debate to the pious *Fathers*.

CHAP. V.

*How our Bodies are form'd unexpli-
cable. The Plastick signifies no-
thing; the Formation of Plants,
and Animals unknown, in their
Principle. Mechanisme solves it not.
A new way propounded, which also
fails of satisfaction. (2.) No
account is yet given how the
parts of Matter are united. Some
Considerations on Des-Cartes his
Hypothesis, it fails of Solution.
(3.) The Question is unanswerable,
whether Matter be compounded of
Divisibles, or Indivisibles.*

T Herefore we'l pass on to the next,
the consideration of our *Bodies*,
which though we see, and feel, and
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continually converse with ; yet its constitution, and inward frame is an *America*, a yet undiscovered *Region*. The saying of the Kingly Prophet, *I am wonderfully made*, may well be understood of that *admiration*, which is the *Daughter of Ignorance*. And with reverence it may be applyed, that in *seeing we see, and understand not*. Three things I'll subjoyn concerning this *Sensible matter*, the other part of our composition.

§. 1. That our *bodies* are made according to the most curious *Artifice*, and orderly contrivance, cannot be denyed even by them, who are least beholden to *Nature*. The elegance of this composure, sav'd the great *Æsculapius*, *Galen*, from a profest *Atheism*. And I cannot think that the branded *Epicurus*, *Lucretius*, and their fellows were in earnest, when they resolv'd this composition into a *fortuitous range of Atoms*. To suppose a *Watch*, or any other the most curious *Automaton* by the blind hits of *Chance*, to perform diversity of orderly *motions*, to indicate the *hour*, *day* of the *Moneth*, *Tides*, *age* of the *Moon*,

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Moon, and the like, with an unparallel'd exactness, and all without the regulation of Art, this were the more pardonable absurdity. And that this admirable *Engine* of our Bodies, whose functions are carryed on by such a multitude of *parts*, and *motions*, which neither interfere, nor impede one another in their operations; but by an *harmonious Sympathy* promote the perfection and good of the whole: That ~~this~~ should be an undesign'd effect, is an assertion, that is more then *Melancholies Hyperbole*. I say therefore, that if we do but consider this *Fabrick* with minds unpossess'd of an affected madness; we will easily grant, that it was some skilful *Archens* who delineated those comely *proportions*, and hath express'd such exactly *Geometrical elegancies* in its compositions. But what this hidden *Architect* should be, and by what *instruments* and art this frame is erected; is as *unknown* to us, as our *Embryo-thoughts*. The *Plastick* faculty is a fine word: But what it is, how it works, and whose it is, we cannot learn; no, not by a return into the *Womb*; neither will the *Plato-*
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nick Principles unriddle the doubt : For though the Soul be supposed to be the Bodies *Maker*, and the builder of its own house ; yet by what kind of Knowledge, Method, or Means, is as unknown : and that we should have a *knowledge* which we know not of, is an assertion, which some say, hath no commission from our Faculties. The Great *Des-Cartes* will allow it to be no better, then a downright absurdity. But yet should we suppose it, it would be evidence enough of what we aim at.

Nor is the composition of our Bodies the only wonder : we are as much non-plust by the most contemptible *Worm*, and *Plant*, we tread on. How is a drop of Dew organiz'd into an Insect, or a lump of Clay into animal Perfections ? How are the Glories of the Field spun, and by what Pencil are they limn'd in their unaffected bravery ? By whose direction is the nutriment so regularly distributed unto the respective parts, and how are they kept to their specifick uniformities ? If we attempt Mechanical solutions, we shall never give an account,
why

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why the Wood-cock doth not sometimes borrow colours of the Mag-pye, why the Lilly doth not exchange with the Daylie, or why it is not sometime painted with a blush of the Rose? Can *unguided matter* keep it self to such exact conformities, as not in the least spot to vary from the *species*? That divers Limners at a distance without either copy, or designe, should draw the same *Picture* to an undistinguishable exactness, both in form, colour, and features; this is more conceivable, then that *matter*, which is so diversified both in quantity, quality, motion, site, and infinite other circumstances, should frame it self so absolutely according to the Idea of its kind. And though the fury of that *Apelles*, who threw his Pencil in a desperate rage upon the Picture he had essayed to draw, once casually effected those lively representations, which his Art could not describe; yet 'tis not likely, that one of a thousand such præcipitancies should be crowned with so an unexpected an issue. For though *blind matter* might reach some elegancies in individual effects;

fects ; yet specifick conformities can be no *unadvised* productions, but in greatest likelihood, are regulated by the immediate efficiency of some *knowing* agent : which whether it be *seminal Forms*, according to the *Platonical* Principles, or what ever else we please to suppose ; the manner of its working is to us *unknown* : or if these effects are meerly *Mechanical* ; yet to learn the method of such operations may be , and hath indeed been ingeniously attempted ; but I think cannot be performed to the satisfaction of severer examination.

That all bodies both *Animal*, *Vegetable*, and *Inanimate*, are form'd out of such particles of matter, which by reason of their figures, will not cohere or lie together, but in such an order as is necessary to such a specifical formation, and that therein they naturally of themselves concur, and reside, is a pretty conceit, and there are *experiments* that credit it. If after a decoction of *herbs* in a Winter-night, we expose the liquor to the frigid air ; we may observe in the morning under a crust of Ice, the perfect appearance

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appearance both in *figure*, and *colour*, of the *Plants* that were taken from it. But if we break the *aqueous Crystal*, those pretty *images* dis-appear and are presently dissolved.

Now these *airy Vegetables* are presumed to have been made, by the reliques of these *plantal emissions* whose avolation was prevented by the *condensed inclosure*. And therefore playing up and down for a while within their liquid prison, they at last settle together in their natural order, and the *Atomes* of each part finding out their proper place, at length rest in their methodical Situation, till by breaking the *Ice* they are disturbed, and those counterfeit *compositions* are scatter'd into their first *Indivisibles*. This *Hypothesis* may yet seem to receive further confirmation, from the artificial *resurrection* of *Plants* from their *ashes*, which *Chymists* are so well acquainted with: And besides, that *Salt* dissolved upon fixation returns to its affected *cubes*, the regular figures of *Minerals*, as the *Hexagonal* of *Crystal*, the *Hemi-spherical* of the *Fairy-stone*, the *stellar figure* of

of the stone *Asteria*, and such like, seem to look with probability upon this way of formation. And I must needs say 'tis handsomly conjectur'd. But yet what those figures are, that should be thus mechanically adapted, to fall so unerringly into regular compositions, is beyond our faculties to conceive, or determine. And how those *heterogeneous atomes* (for such their figures are supposed) should by themselves hit so exactly into their proper residence in the midst of such tumultuary motions, cross thwartings, and *arietations* of other particles, especially when for one way of hitting right, there are thousands of missing; there's no *Hypothesis* yet extant can resolve us. And yet had heaven afforded that miracle of men, the Illustrious *Des-Cartes* a longer day on earth, we might have expected the utmost of what ingenuity could perform herein: but his immature Fate hath unhappily disappointed us; and prevented the most desirable Complement of his not to be equall'd *Philosophy*.

§. 2. (2.) It's no less difficult to give an account, how the *Parts* of the *Matter* of
of

of our Bodies are *united* : For though superficial Enquirers may easily satisfie themselves by answering, that it is done by *muscles, nerves, and other like strings and ligaments*, which Nature hath destin'd to that office ; yet, if we seek for an account how the parts of these do cohere, we shall find the cause to be as latent, as the effect of easie discovery. Nothing with any shew of success hath yet appeared on the Philosophick Stage, but the opinion of *Des-Cartes* ; that the Parts of *Matter* are *united* by *Rest*. Neither can I conceive, how any thing can be substituted in its room, more congruous to reason ; since *Rest* is most opposite to *Motion*, the immediate cause of *disunion*. But yet I cannot see, how this can satisfie, touching the almost *indissoluble coherence* of some bodies, and the *fragility* and *solubility* of others : For if the *Union* of the *Parts* consist only in *Rest* ; it would seem that a bagg of *dust* would be of as firm a consistence as that of *Marble* or *Adamant* : a Bar of *Iron* will be as easily broken as a *Tobacco-pipe* ; and *Bajazets* Cage had been

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but a sorry *Prison*. The *Aegyptian Pyramids* would have been sooner lost, then the Names of them that built them; and as easily blown away, as those *inverst ones* of *smoke*. If it be pretended for a difference, that the parts of solid bodies are held together by *hooks*, and *angulous involutions*; I say, this comes not home: For the *coherence* of the parts of these *hooks* [as hath been noted] will be of as difficult a conception, as the former: And we must either suppose an infinite of them holding together on one another; or at last come to *parts*, that are *united* by a meer *juxta-position*: Yea, could we suppose the former, yet the coherence of these, would be like the hanging together of an infinite such of *Dust*: which *Hypothesis* would spoil the *Proverb*, and a *rope of sand*, should be no more a phrase for *Labour in vain*: For unless there be something, upon which all the rest may depend for their *cohesion*; the hanging of one by another, will signifie no more then the mutual dependence of *causes* and *effects* in an *infinite Series*, without a *First*: the admission of which,

Atheism

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Atheism would applaud. But yet to do the *Master of Mechanicks* right; somewhat of more validity in the behalf of this *Hypothesis* may be assign'd: Which is, that the closeness and compactness of the *Parts* resting together, doth much confer to the strength of the *union*: For every thing continues in the condition, wherein it is, except something more powerful alter it: And therefore the *parts*, that rest close together, must continue in the same relation to each other, till some other *body* by *motion* disjoyn them. Now then, the more *parts* there are pen't together, the more able they will be for *resistence*; and what hath less *compactness*, and by consequence fewer *parts*, according to the *laws* of *motion* will not be able to effect any *alteration* in it. According to what is here presented, what is most *dense*, and least *porous*, will be most *coherent*, and least *discerpible*. And if this help not, I cannot apprehend what can give an account of the former instances. And yet even this is confuted by experience; since the most *porous*, *spongy* bodies are

oft-times the most *tough* in consistence. 'Tis easier to break a tube of *Glass* or *Crystal*, then of *Elm* or *Ash*: And yet as the *parts* of the former are more, so they are more at *rest*; since the *liquid juyce*, which is diffused through the *parts* of the *Wood*, is in a continual agitation, which in *Des-Cartes* his *Philosophy* is the cause of *fluidity*; and a proportion'd *humidity* conferr's much to *union* [Sir K. Digby makes it the *Cement* it self]; a *dry stick* will be easily broken, when a *green one* will maintain a strong resistance: and yet in the *moist* substance there is less *rest*, then in what is, *dryer* and more *fragill*. Much more might be added: But I'll content my self with what's mentioned; and, notwithstanding what hath been said, I judge this account of that most *miraculous* wit to be the most *ingenuous* and *rational*, that *hath* or [it may be] *can* be given. I shall not therefore conclude it false; though I think the emergent *difficulties*, which are its attendants, *unanswerable*: which is proof enough of the weakness of our *new Reasons*, which are driven

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to such straights and puzzles even in things which are most *obvious*, and have so much the advantage of our *faculties*.

§.3. The composition of bodies, whether it be of *Divisibles* or *Indivisibles*, is a question which must be rank'd with the *Indisolvibles* : For though it hath been attempted by the most illustrious *Wits* of all *Philosophick* Ages; yet they have done little else, but shewn their own *divisions* to be almost as *infinite*, as some suppose those of their Subject. And notwithstanding all their shifts, subtilties, newly invented Words and Modes, fly subterfuges, and studied evasions; yet the product of all their endeavours, is but as the Birth of the labouring *Mountains*, *Wind* and *Emptiness*. Do what they can; *Actual Infinite extension every where*, *Equality of all bodies*, *Impossibility of Motion*, and a world more of the most palpable absurdities will press the assertors of *infinite divisibility*. Neither can it be avoided, but that all *motions* would be *equal* in *velocity*, the *lines* drawn from side to side in a *Pyramid*, may have more parts than the *Base*, all bodies would be

swallow'd up in a *point*, and endless more inconsistencies, will be as necessarily consequential to the opinion of *Indivisibles*. But intending only to instance in difficulties, which are not so much taken notice of; I shall refer the Reader, that would see more of this, to *Oviedo*, *Pontius*, *Ariaga*, *Carelton*, and other *Jesuites*: whose management of this subject with equal force on either side, is a strong presumption of what we drive at.

CHAP. VI.

Difficulties about the Motion of a Wheel, which admit of no Solution.

BESIDES the already mention'd difficulties, even the most ordinary trivial *occurents*, if we contemplate them in the *Theory*, will as much puzzle us, as any of the former. Under this head
I'll

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I'll add three things touching the Motion of a *wheel*, and conclude this.

6. 1. And first, if we abstractly consider it, it seems impossible that a *wheel* should *move*: I mean not the *progressive*, but that Motion which is meerly on its own *Centre*. And were it not for the information of Experience, it's most likely that *Philosophy* had long ago concluded it *impossible*: For let's suppose the *wheel* to be divided according to the *Alphabet*. Now in motion there is a change of place, and in the motion of a *wheel* there is a succession of one part to another in the same place; so that it seems unconceivable that *A.* should move until *B.* hath left its place: For *A.* cannot move, but it must acquire some place or other. It can acquire none but what was *B.*'s, which we suppose to be most immediate to it. The same space cannot contain them both. And therefore *B.* must leave its place, before *A.* can have it; Yea, and the nature of succession requires it. But now *B.* cannot move, but into the place of *C.*; and *C.* must be out, before *B.* can come in: so

that the motion of *C.* will be pre-required likewise to the motion of *A*; & so onward till it comes to *Z.* Upon the same accounts *Z.* will not be able to move, till *A.* moves, being the part next to it: neither will *A.* be able to move [as hath been shown] till *Z.* hath. And so the motion of every part will be pre-requir'd to it self. Neither can one evade, by saying, that all the parts move at once. For (1.) we cannot conceive in a *succession* but that something should be first, and that motion should begin somewhere. (2.) If the parts may all change places with one another at the same time without any respect of *priority*, and *posteriority* to each others *motion*: why then may not a company of *Bullets* closely crowded together in a *Box*, as well move together by a like mutual and simultaneous exchange? Doubtless the reason of this ineptitude to motion in this position is, that they cannot give way one to another, and motion can no where begin because of the *plenitude*. The case is just the same in the instance before us; and therefore we need go no further for an evidence of

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of its *inconceivableness*. But yet to give it one touch more according to the *Peripatetick* niceness, which says, that one part enters in the same *instant* that the other goes out: I'll add this in brief: In the *instant* that *B.* leaves its place, it's in it, or not: If so; then *A.* cannot be in it in the same *instant* without *quantative penetration*. If not; then it cannot be said to leave it in that *instant*, but to have left it before. These difficulties, which pinch so in this obvious experiment, stand in their full force against all Motion on the *Hypothesis* of *absolute plenitude*. Nor yet have the Defenders hereof need to take notice of them, because they equally press a most sensible Truth. Neither is it fair, that the opposite opinion of *interspers'd vacuities* should be rejected as absurd upon the account of some *inextricable perplexities* which attend it. Therefore let them both have fair play; and which soever doth with most ease and congruity solve the *Phænomena*, that shall have my vote for the most *Philosophick Hypothesis*.

§. 2. It's a difficulty no less desperate then the former, that the *parts vicine* to the *centre*, which it may be pass not over the hundredth part of *space* which those do of the extreme *circumference*, should describe their *narrower circle* but in equal time with those other, that trace so great a *round*. If they move but in the same degree of *Velocity*; here is then an *equality in time and motion*, and yet a vast *inequality in the acquired space*. A thing which seems flatly impossible: For is it conceivable, that of two bodies setting forth together, and continuing their motion in the same swiftness, the one should so far out-go its fellow, as to move ten mile an hour, while the other moves but a furlong? If so, 'twill be no wonder, that *the race is not to the swift*, and the *furthest way about* may well be the *nearest way home*. There is but one way that can be attempted to untie this knot; which is, by saying, that the *remoter* and more out-side parts move more swiftly then the *central* ones. But this likewise is as unconceivable as what it would avoid:
 For

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For suppose a right *line* drawn from the *centre* to the *circumference*, and it cannot be apprehended, but that the *line* should be inflected, if some parts of it move faster then others. I say if we do abstractedly from experience contemplate it in the *theory*, it is hard to conceive, but that one part moving, while the other rests, or at least moves slower (which is as rest to a swifter motion) should change its distance from it, and the respect, which it had to it; which one would think should cause an incurvation in the *line*.

§. 3. I'll add only this one, which is an experiment that may for ever silence the most daring confidence. Let there be two *wheels* fixt on the same Axle in *Diameter* ten inches a piece. Between them let there be a *little wheel*, of two inches *Diameter*, fixed on the same Axle. Let them be moved together on a plane, the great ones on the ground suppose, and the little one on a Table [for because of its parvitude it cannot reach to the same floor with them] And you'll find that the little wheel will move over the

the same space in equal time with equal *circulations*, with the great ones, and describe as long a line. Now this seems bigg of repugnancies, though Sense it self suffragate to its truth: For since every part of the greater wheels makes a proportionable part of the line, as do the parts of the little one, and the parts of those so much exceeding in multitude the parts of this: It will seem necessary that the line made by the greater wheels should have as many parts more then the line made by the less, as the wheels themselves have in *circumference*, and so the line would be as much longer as the wheels are bigger: so that one of these absurdities is unavoidable, either that more parts of the greater wheels go to the making one part of their lines, which will infer a quantitative penetration; or that the little wheel hath as many parts as the great ones, though five times in *Diameter* exceeded by them, since the lines they describe are of equal length; or the less wheel's line will have fewer parts then the others, though of equal extent with them, since it can
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have no more parts then the *less circle*, nor *they* fewer then the *greater*. But these are all such repugnancies, as that *Melancholy* it self would scarce own them. And therefore we may well enter this among the *unconceivables*. Should I have enlarged on this Subject to the taking in of all things that claim a share in't, it may be few things would have been left unspoken to, but the *Creed*. Philosophy would not have engross'd our Pen, but we must have been forced to anger the *Intelligences* of higher Orbs. But intending only a glance at this rugged Theam, I shall forbear to insist more on it, though the consideration of the Mysteries of *Motion, Gravity, Light, Colours, Vision, Sound*, and infinite such like [things obvious, yet unknown] might have been plentiful subject. I come now to trace some of the *causes* of our *Ignorance* and Intellectual *weakness*: and among so many it's almost as great a wonder as any of the former; that we can say, *we know*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Mens backwardness to acknowledge their own Ignorance and Error, though ready to find them in others. The (1) cause of the Shortness of our Knowledge, viz. the depth of Verity discour's't of, as of its admixtion in mens Opinions with falsehood, and the connexion of truths, and their mutual dependence: A second Reason of the shortness of our Knowledge, viz. because we can perceive nothing but by proportion to our Senses.

THe Discafe of our *Intellectualls* is too great, not to be its own *Diagnosick*: And they that feel it not, are not less sick, but stupidly so. The weak-
ness

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ness of humane understanding, all will confess: yet the confidence of most in their own reasonings, practically disowns it: And 'tis easier to persuade them it from others lapses than their own; so that while all complain of our *Ignorance* and *Error*, every one exempts himself. It is acknowledged by all, while every one denies it. If the foregoing part of this Discourse, have not universally concluded our weakness: I have one Item more of my own. If Knowledge can be found in the Particulars mention'd; I must lose that, which I thought I had, *That there is none*. But however, though some should pick a quarrel with the instances I alleadged; yet the conclusion must be owned in others. And therefore beside the general reason I gave of our intellectual disabilities, *The Fall*; it will be worth our labour to descend to a more particular account: since it is a good degree of *Knowledge* to be acquainted with the *causes* of our *Ignorance*. And what we have to say under this head, will be comprehensive both of the causes of
that,

that, and (which are the effects thereof) of our *misapprehensions* and *Errors*.

§. 1. And first, one cause of the little we *know* may be, that Knowledge lies *deep*, and is therefore difficult; and so not the acquit of every careless *Inquirer*. *Democritus* his Well hath a *faſt*, and Truth floats not. The useleſs froth swims on the surface; but the Pearl lies cover'd with a maſs of Waters. *Veriſimilitude* and *Opinion* are an eaſie purchase; and theſe counterſeits are all the Vulgars treasure: But true Knowledge is as dear in acquisition, as rare in poſſeſſion. Truth, like a *point* or *line*, requires an acuteness and intention to its diſcovery; while veriſimilitude, like the expanded *ſuperficiēs*, is an obvious ſenſible on either hand, and affords a large and eaſie field for looſe enquiry. And 'tis the more difficult to find out Verity, becauſe it is in ſuch inconfiderable proportions ſcattered in a maſs of *opinionative uncertainty*; like the Silver in *Hiero's* Crown of Gold: And it is no eaſie piece of *Chymiſtry* to reduce them

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them to their *unmixed selves*. The Elements are no where pure in these lower *Regions* ; and if there is any free from the admixtion of another, sure 'tis above the *concave* of the *Moon* : Neither can any boast of a knowledge, which is deperate from the defilement of a contrary, within this *Atmosphere* of flesh ; it dwells no where in unblended proportions, on this side the *Empyreum*. All Opinions have their Truth, and all have what is not so ; and to say all are *true* and none, is no absurdity. So that to crown our selves with sparks, which are almost lost in such a world of *heterogeneous* natures, is as difficult as desirable. Besides, *Truth* is never *alone* ; to know one will require the knowledge of many. They hang together in a chain of mutual dependence ; you cannot draw one link without many others. Such an Harmony cannot commence from a single string ; diversity of strokes makes it. The beauty of a Face is not known by the Eye, or Nose ; it consists in a *symmetry*, and 'tis the comparative faculty which votes it : Thus is Truth *relative*,
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and

and little considerable can be attain'd by *catches*. The Painter cannot transcribe a face upon a Transient view ; it requires the information of a fixt and observant Eye : And before we can reach an exact sight of Truth's uniform perfections, this *fleeting Transitory our Life*, is gone. Thus we see the face of Truth, but as we do one anothers, when we walk the streets, in a careless *Pass-by* : And the most diligent observers, view but the back-side o'th' *Hangings* ; the right one is o'th' other side the *Grave* : so that our Knowledge is but like those *broken ends*, at best a most confused *adumbration*. Nature, that was veil'd to *Aristotle*, hath not yet uncover'd, in almost two thousand years. What he sought on the other side of *Euripus*, we must not look for on this side *Immortality*. In easie disquisitions we are often left to the uncertainty of a guess : yea after we have triumph'd in a supposed *Eupnea* ; a new-sprung difficulty marring our *Ovations*, and exposeth us to the Torment of a disappointment : so that even the great *Master of Dogmatists* him-

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himself concludes the Scene with an *Anxius vixi, Dubius morior.*

§. 2. Another reason of our *ignorance* and the *narrowness* of our *apprehensions* may arise hence ; That we cannot perceive the manner of any of Natures operations, but by proportion to our *senses*, and a return to *material phantasms*. A blind man cannot conceive colours, but either as some *audible*, *gustable*, *odoriferous*, or *tactile* qualities ; and when he would imagine them, he hath unquestionless recourse to some of *these*, in an account of which his other senses befriend him. Thus more perfect apprehenders misconceive *Immaterials* : ^{and} Our imaginations paint Souls and Angels in as dissimilar a resemblance. Thus had there not been any *night*, *shadow*, or *opacity* ; we should never have had any determinate conceit of *Darkness* ; That would have been as inconceiveable to us , as its contrary is to him that never saw it. But now our *senses* being scant and limited, and Natures operations subtil and various ; they must needs transcend, and out-run our faculties.

They are only Natures grosser wayes of working, which are sensible; Her finer threads are out of the reach of our feeble *Percipient*, yea questionless she hath many hidden *Energies*, no wayes imitated in her obvious peices: and therefore it is no wonder that we are so often at a loss; an infirmity beyond prevention, except we could step by step follow the tracks and methods of *Infinite Wisdom*, which cannot be done but by him that owns it.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

*A third reason of our Ignorance and Error, viz. the impostures and de-
ceits of our Senses. The way to
rectifie these mis-informations pro-
pounded. Des-Cartes his method
the only way to Science. The dif-
ficulty of exact performance.*

§. 3. **A** Nother reason is the *Impos-
ture and fallacy of our Senses*,
which impose not only on common
Heads, who scarce at all live to the
higher Principle; But even more refined
Mercuries, who have the advantages of
an improved reason to disabuse them,
are yet frequently captivated to these
deceiving Prepossessions: appealing to a
Judicature both uncommissioned and un-
just; and when the clearest Truth is to
be tryed by such Judges, its innocence will
not secure it from the condemning award

of that *unintelligent Tribunal*: For since we live the life of *Brutes*, before we grow into *Man*; and our Understandings in this their *Non-age*, being almost meerly Passive to sensible Impressions, receiving all things in an uncontroverted and promiscuous admission: It cannot be, that our Knowledge should be other, then an heap of *Mis-conception* and *Error*, and conceits as impertinent as the *toys* we delight in. All this while, we have no more of ~~no~~ reason, then the *ἡδονή* *ἡδονή* [as *Plotinus* calls it] amounts to. And besides this our easie submission to the sophistications of *sense*, and inability to prevent the miscarriages of our *Junior* Reasons; that which strikes the great stroke toward our after-deceptions, is the pertinacious adherence of many of these first Impressions to our *Graduate* Understandings. That which is early received, if in any considerable strength of *Impress*, as it were grows into our tender natures, and is therefore of difficult remove. Thus a fright in *Minority*, or an *Antipathy* then contracted, is not worn out but with its subject. And it may be more
then

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then a *Story*, that *Nero* derived much of his cruelty from the Nurse that suckled him. Now though our coming Judgments do in part undeceive us, and rectifie the grosser Errors which our unwary Sensitive hath engaged us in ; yet others are so flesht in us, that they maintain their interest upon the deceptibility of our decayed Natures, and are cherish't there ; as the legitimate issues of our reasonable faculties.

Indeed *Sense* it self detects its more palpable deceits, by a counter-evidence ; and the more ordinary Impostures seldom out-live the first *Experiments*. If our sight represent a Staff as crooked in the *water* ; the same faculty rectifies both it, and us, in the *thinner Element*. And if a square Tower seem round at a distance ; the eye, which mistook in the circumstance of its figure, at that remove, corrects the mistake in a due approach : Yea, and befriends those who have learn'd to make the advantage of its informations, in more remote and difficult discoveries. And though his *Sense* occasion the careless *Rustick* to judge

the *Sun* no bigger then a *Cheese-fat* ; yet *sense* too by a frugal improvement of its evidence, grounds the *Astronomers* knowledge, that it's bigger then this *Globe of Earth* and *Water*. Which it doth not only by the advantageous assistance of a *Tube* , but by less industrious experiments, shewing in what degrees Distance minorates the Object. But yet in infinite other cases, wherein *sense* can afford none, or but very little help to dis-intangle us ; our first deceptions lose no ground, but rather improve in our riper years : so that we are not weaned from our *child-hood* , till we return to our second *Infancy* ; and even our *Gray* heads out-grow not those Errors, which we have learn't before the *Alphabet*.

Thus our Reasons being inoculated on Sense, will retain a relish of the stock they grow upon : And if we would endeavour after an unmixed Knowledge ; we must unlive our former lives, and (inverting the practise of *Penelope*) undo in the day of our more advanc'd understandings, what we had spun in the night of our *Infant-ignorance*. He that would

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would rebuild a decayed *structure*, must first pluck down the former *ruines*. A *fabrick*, though high and beautiful, if founded on *rubbish*, is easily made the triumph of the winds: And the most pompous seeming Knowledge, that's built on the unexamin'd prejudices of *Sense*, stands not, but till the *storm arise*; the next strong encounter discovers its weakness, in a shameful overthrow. And now since a great part of our scientific *Treasure* is most likely to be *adulterate*, though all bears the image and superscription of *Verity*; the only way to know what is sophisticate, and what is not so, is to bring all to the *Examen* of the Touchstone: For the prepossessions of *sense* having (as is shewen) so mingled themselves with our Genuine Truths, and being as plausible to appearance as they; we cannot gain a true assurance of any, but by suspending our assent from all, till the deserts of each, discover'd by a strict enquiry, claim it. Upon this account I think the *method* of the most excellent *Des-Cartes* not unworthy its Author; and (since

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Dogmatical Ignorance will call it so) a *Scepticism*, that's the only way to *Science*. But yet this is so difficult in the impartial and exact performance, that it may be well reckon'd among the bare *Possibilities*, which never commence into a *Futurity*; It requiring such a free, sedate, and intent minde, as it may be is no where found but among the *Platonical Idea's*. Do what we can, Prejudices will creep in, and hinder our Intellectual Perfection: And though by this means we may get some comfortable allay to our distempers; yet can it not perfectly cure us of a disease, that sticks as close to us as our natures.

CHAP. IX.

Two Instances of Sensitive deception.

(1) *Of the Quiescence of the Earth.*
Sense is the great inducement to its belief; its testimony deserves no credit in this case, though it do move, Sense would present it as immoveable.

The Sun to Sense is as much devoid of motion as the Earth. Four Cases in which motion is insensible, viz.

(1) If it be very swift. (2) If it be steddily and regular. (3) If very slow. (4) If the Sentient partake of it. Applied to the Earths motion.

The unweildiness of its bulk is no argument of its immobility.

Now before I leave this, I shall take the opportunity, which this head offers, to endeavour the detection of some

some grand *prejudices* of *sense*, in two instances ; the free debate of which I conceive to be of great importance, though hitherto for the most part obstructed, by the peremptory conclusion of *sense*, which yet I shall declare to have no suffrage in the case of either : And the pleasantness and concernment of the *Theories*, if it be one, I hope will atone the *Digression*.

§. 2. *First*, it is generally opinion'd, that the *Earth* rests as the Worlds centre, while the *Heavens* are the subject of the *Universal Motions* ; And, as *immoveable as the Earth*, is grown into the credit of being *Proverbial*. So that for a man to go about to counter-argue this common belief, is as fruitless as to whistle against the windes. I shall not undertake to maintain the *Paradox*, that stands *diameter* to this almost *Catholick* Opinion. Its assertion would be entertained with the hoot of the Rabble : the very mention of it as possible, is among the most ridiculous ; and they are likely most severely to judge it, who least understand the Cause. But yet the Patronage of

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as great *Wits*, as it may be e're saw the Sun, such as *Pythagoras*, *Des-Cartes*, *Copernicus*, *Galilao*, *More*, *Kepler*, &c. hath gain'd it a more favourable censure with the learned World; and advanc'd it far above either vain, or contemptible. And if it be a mistake, it's only so: There's no *Herésie* in such an harmless aberration; at the worst, with the ingenuous; the probability of it will render it a lapse of easie Pardon. Now whether the *Earth* move or rest, I undertake not to determine. My work is to prove, that the common inducement to the belief of its *quiescence*, the testimony of *sense*, is weak and frivolous: to the end, that if upon an unprejudiced tryal, it be found more consonant to the *Astronomical Phenomena*; its *Motion* may be admitted, notwithstanding the seeming contrary evidence of unconcerned *Senses*. And I think what follows will evince, that this is no so absurd an *Hypothesis*, as *Vulgar Philosophers* account it; but that, though it *move*, its *motion* must needs be as *insensible*, as if it were *quiescent*: and the assertion
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of it would then be as uncouth and harsh to the sons of *Sense*, that is, to the generality of Mankind, as now it is.

That there is a *motion*, which makes the vicissitudes of day and night, and constitutes the successive Seasons of the *Annual Circle*; *Sense* may assure us, or at least the comparative Judgement of an higher faculty, made upon its immediate evidence: But whether the *Sun*, or *Earth*, be the common *Movent*, cannot be determin'd but by a farther appeal. If we will take the literal evidence of our Eyes; the *Aethereal Coal* moves no more then this *Inferior clod doth*: For where ever in the Firmament we see it, it's represented to us, as fixt in that part of the enlightened *Hemisphere*. And though an after-account discover, that it hath changed its *Site* and *respect* to this our *Globe*; yet whether that were caused by its translation from us, or ours from it, *Sense* leaves us in an *Ignoramus*: So that if we are resolved to stand to its Verdict, it must be by as great a *Miracle* if the *Sun* ever move, as it was that it once rested, or
what

what ever else was the subject of that
 supernal change. And if upon a meer
 sensible account we will deny Motion to
 the *Earth*; upon the same inducement
 we must deny it the *Sun*; and the *Hea-*
vens will lose their *First Moveable*. But
 to draw up closer to our main design,
 We may the better conceive that, though
 the *Earth* move, yet its *Motion* must needs
 be insensible; if we consider that in
 four cases *Motion* strikes not the
Sense.

1. The *Velocity* of *Motion* prevents
 the *sense* of it. Thus a Bullet passeth by
 us, and out-runs the nimblest *Opticks*;
 and the Fly of a Jack in its swiftest
 rounds, gives the Eye no notice of its *cir-*
culations. The reason is, for that there
 is no sense without some stay of the Ob-
 ject on the faculty: For in *Sense* there
 are two *considerables*: The *Motion* made
 on the *Brain*; and the *Souls* act conse-
 quent thereupon, which we call *Ani-*
madversion: and in this latter consists
 the formality of *Sensitive Perception*.
 Now though possibly the *Aethereal* Mat-
 ter might convey the stroke and motion
 made

made on it quite to the Brain, before the pass of the Object; yet the soul being taken up with other attendances, perceives not, till engaged to it by iterated impressions, except the first impulse be very strong and violent. Thus in the clearest night we cannot see some of the smaller *Stars*, upon the first cast of the Eye to their *Celestial Residence*: yet a more intent view discovers them; though very likely their *Motion* reach't the *Brain*, as soon as the more noted impress of their *Fellows*. Thus upon a slight turn of our sight, we omit many particularities in nearer objects, which a more fixed look presents us with. And thus the swiftest motions, though they knock at the dore; yet they are gone before the soul can come, to take an account of their Errand.

2. If *Regularity* and *steadiness* accompany *Velocity*; the *motion* then leaves not the least track in the *sensitive*. Thus a *French Top*, the common recreation of School-boys, thrown from a cord which was wound about it, will stand as it were fixt on the floor it lighted; and yet con-

tinue

tinue in its repeated *Gyrations*, while the sense discovers not the least footsteps of that præcipitate *Rotation*. The reason is much what the same with the former : For that meeting no jogs, or counter-motions to interrupt it, the return of the parts is so quick, that the mind cannot take notice of their succession to each other : For before it can fix to the observation of any one, its object is gone : whereas, were there any considerable thwart in the Motion ; it would be a kind of stop or arrest, by the benefit of which the Soul might have a glance of the fugitive *Transient*. But I pass these ; they concern not our present enquiry.

3. If the Motion be very *slow*, we perceive it not. Thus *Vegetables* spring up from their Mother Earth ; and we can no more discern their *accretive* Motion, then we can their most hidden cause. Thus the sly shadow steals away on Times Account-Book the *Dial* ; and the quickest Eye can tell no more, but that it's *gone*. If a reason of this be demanded ; I conceive it may be to some

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satisfaction return'd, That 'tis because *Motion* cannot be perceived without the perception of its *Terms*, viz. The parts of space which it immediately left, and those which it next acquires. Now the space left and acquir'd in every sensible moment in such slow progressions, is so inconsiderable, that it cannot possibly move the *sense*; (which by reason either of its constitutional dulness, or the importunity of stronger impressions, cannot take notice of such parvitudes) and therefore neither can the Motion depending thereon, be ~~any~~ more observable, than it is.

4. If the *sentient* be carryed *passibus aquis* with the body, whose *motion* it would observe; [supposing the former condition, that it be *regular* and *steady*] In this case especially the remove is insensible, at least in its proper subject. Thus, while in a Ship, we perceive it not to move: but our sense transfers its motion to the neighbouring shores, as the Poet, *Littus campiq; recedunt*. And I question not, but if any were born and bred under Deck, and had no other information
but

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but what his sense affords; he would without the least doubt or scruple, opinion, that the house he dwelt in, was as stable and fixt as ours. To express the reason according to the Philosophy of *Des-Cartes*, I suppose it thus: *Motion* is not perceived, but by the *successive strikings* of the object upon divers *filaments* of the *Brain*; which diversifie the representation of its *site* and *distance*. But now when the motion of the object is common with it, to our selves; it retains the same relation to our *sense*, as if we both *rested*: For striking still on the same *strings* of the *Brain*, it varies not its *site* or *distance* from us; and therefore we cannot possibly *sense* its motion: nor yet upon the same account our own; least of all, when we are carryed without any *conamen* and endeavour of ours, which in our particular progressions betrays them to our notice.

Now then the *Earths motion* (if we suppose it to have any) having the joynt concurrence of the two last, to render it *insensible*; I think we shall need no more proof to conclude the necessity of its being so,

For though the *Third* seems not to belong to the present case, since the supposed motion will be near a thousand miles an hour under the *Equinoctial line*; yet it will seem to have no *Velocity* to the *sense* any more then the received *motion* of the *Sun*, and for the same reason. Because the distant points in the *Celestial expanse* [from a various and successive respect to which the length, and consequently the swiftness of this *motion* must be calculated] appear to the Eye in so small a degree of *elongation* from one another, as bears no proportion to what is *real*. For since the Margin of the *Visible Horizon* in the Heavenly *Globe* is Parallel with that in the Earthly, accounted but 120 miles *diameter*; Sense must needs measure the *Azimuths*, or *Vertical Circles*, by triplication of the same *diameter* of 120. So that there will be no more proportion betwixt the *sensible* and *real* celerity of the *Terrestrial Motion*, then there is between the *visible* and *rational dimension* of the celestial *Hemisphere*; which is none at all.

But if sensitive prejudice will yet confidently

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fidently maintain the Impossibility of the
Hypothesis, from the supposed *unwieldi-*
ness of its massy bulk, grounded on
 our experience of the ineptitude of *great*
 and *heavy* bodies to *Motion*: I say this
 is a meer Imposture of our *Senses*, the
 fallacy of which we may avoid, by consi-
 dering; that the *Earth* may as easily
 move, notwithstanding this pretended
 indisposition of its *magnitude*, as those
 much vaster *Orbs* of *Sun* and *Stars*. He
 that made it, could as well give motion
 to the whole, as to the parts; the con-
 stant agitation of which is discover'd in
 natural productions: and to both as well
 as Rest to either: Neither will it need
 the assistance of an *Intelligence* to per-
 petuate the begun *Rotation*: Since ac-
 cording to the Indispensable *Law* of
Nature [*That every thing should continue*
in the state wherein it is, except some-
thing more powerful hinder it] it must
 persevere in Motion, unless obstructed by
 a *Miracle*. Neither can *Gravity*, which
 makes great bodies hard of Remove, be
 any hinderance to the *Earths motion*:
 since even the *Peripatetick Maxime*, *Nihil*

gravitat in suo loco, will exempt it from this indisposing quality; which is nothing but the tendency of its parts, which are ravish'd from it, to their desired *Centre*. And the *French Philosophy* will inform us, that the *Earth* as well as other bodies is indifferent in it self to *Rest*, or its contrary. I have done with this instance, and my Brevity in the following shall make some amends for my prolixity in this. He that would be inform'd in this subject of the *Earths Mobility*, may find it largely and ingeniously discuss'd, in *Galileo's Systema Cosmicum*.

CHAP. X.

Another instance of the deceptions of our Senses: which is of translating the Idea of our Passions to things without us. Properly and formally heat is not in the fire, but is an expression of our sentiment. Yet in propriety of speech the Senses themselves are never deceived, but only administer an occasion of deceit to the understanding: prov'd by reason, and the Authority of St. Austin.

SEcondly the best Philosophy [the deserved Title of the Cartesian] derives all sensitive perception from Motion, and corporal impress; some account of which we have above given. Not that the Formality of it consists in material Reaction, as Master Hobbs affirms, totally excluding

any immaterial concurrence: But that the representations of Objects to the Soul, the only *animadversive principle*, are conveyed by motions made upon the immediate Instruments of Sense. So that the diversity of our Sensations ariseth from the diversity of the *motion* or *figure* of the object; which in a different manner affect the Brain, whence the Soul hath its immediate intelligence of the quality of what is presented. Thus the different effects, which *fire* and *water* have on us, which we call *heat* and *cold*, result from the so differing *configuration* and *agitation* of their *Particles*: and not from, I know not what *Chimerical beings*, supposed to inhere in the objects, their cause, and thence to be propagated by many petty *imaginary productions* to the seat of *Sense*. So that what we term *heat* and *cold*, and other qualities, are not properly according to *Philosophical* rigour in the Bodies, their *Efficients*: but are rather *Names* expressing our *passions*; and therefore not strictly attributable to any thing without us, but by *extrinsick denomination*, as
Vision

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Vision to the Wall. This I conceive to be an *Hypothesis*, well worthy a rational belief: and yet is it so abhorrent from the Vulgar, that they would assoon believe *Anaxagoras*, that *snow is black*, as him that should affirm, it is not *white*; and if any should in earnest assert, that the *fire* is not formally *hot*; it would be thought that the heat of his brain had fitted him for *Anticyra*, and that his head were *so* to madness: For it is conceiv'd to be as certain, as our faculties can make it, that the same qualities, which we resent within us, are in the object, their Source. And yet this confidence is grounded on no better foundation, than a delusory prejudice, and the vote of *misapplied sensations*, which have no warrant to determine either one or other. I may indeed conclude, that I am formally *hot* or *cold*; I feel it. But whether these qualities are *formally*, or only *eminently* in their producent; is beyond the knowledge of the *sensitive*. Even the *Peripatetick Philosophy* will teach us, that *heat* is not in the Body of the *Sun*, but only virtually, and as in
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its cause ; though it be the Fountain and great Distributour of warmth to the neather Creation : and yet none urge the evidence of *sense* to disprove it : Neither can it with any more Justice be alledged against this *Hypothesis*. For if it be so as *Des-Cartes* would have it ; yet *sense* would constantly present it to us, as *Now*. We should finde *heat* as infallible an attendant upon *fire*, and the increase thereof by the same degrees in our approach to the Fountain *calefacient*, and the same excess within the *Visible* substance, as *Now* ; which yet I think to be the chief inducements to the adverse belief : For *Fire* (I retain the instance, which yet may be applyed to other cases) being constant in its specifical motions in those smaller derivations of it, which are its instruments of action, and therefore in the same manner striking the sentient, though gradually varying according to the proportions of more or less quantity or agitation, &c. will not fail to produce the same effect in us, which we call *heat*, when ever we are within the Orb of its activity. And the

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the *heat* must needs be augmented by proximity, and most of all within the *Flame*, because of the more *violent motion* of the particles there, which therefore begets in us a stronger sense. Now if this *motive Energie*, the Instrument of this active *Element*, must be called *Heat*; let it be so, I contend not. I know not how otherwise to call it: To impose names is part of the *Peoples Charter*, and I fight not with *Words*. Only I would not that the *Idea* of our *Passions* should be apply'd to any thing without us, when it hath its subject no where but in our selves. This is the grand deceit, which my design is to detect, and if possible, to rectifie. Thus we have seen two notorious instances of *sensitive deception*, which justifie the charge of *Petron. Arbiter*,

*Fallunt nos oculi, vagiq; sensus
Oppressâ ratione mentiuntur.*

And yet to speak properly, and to do our *senses* right, simply they are not deceived, but only administer an occasion

to our forward *understandings* to deceive themselves : and so though they are some way accessory to our delusion ; yet the more principal faculties are the *Capital offenders*. Thus if the *Senses* represent the *Earth* as *fixt* and *immoveable* ; they give us the truth of their *Sentiments* : To *sense* it is *so*, and it would be deceit to present it otherwise. For [as we have shewn] though it do *move* in it self ; it *rests* to us , who are carry'd with it. And it must needs be to *sense* unalterably *quiescent*, in that our Rotation with it, prevents the variety of *successive Impress* ; which only renders motion *sensible*. And so if we erroneously attribute our particular incommunicable sensations to things, which do no more resemble them then the *effect* doth its *equivocal cause* ; our *senses* are not in fault, but our *precipitate judgements*. We *feel* such, or such a *sentiment* within us, and herein is no cheat or misprision : 'tis truly *so*, and our *sense* concludes nothing of its Rise or Origine. But if hence our *Understandings* falsely deduct, that there is the same quality in the *external Impressor* ;

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Impressor; 'tis, it is *criminal*, our *sense* is *innocent*. When the *Ear* tingles, we really hear a *sound*: If we judge it without us, it's the fallacy of our *Judgments*. The *apparitions* of our frightened *Phancies* are real *sensibles*: But if we translate them without the compass of our *Brains*, and apprehend them as external objects; it's the unwary rashness of our *Understanding* deludes us. And if our disaffected *Palates* resent nought but bitterness from our choicest viands, we truly taste the unpleasing quality, though falsely conceive it in that, which is no more than the occasion of its production. If any find fault with the novelty of the notion; the learned *St. Austin* stands ready to confute the charge: and they, who revere *Antiquity*, will derive satisfaction from so venerable a suffrage. He tells us, *Si quis remum frangi in aquâ opinatur, & cum aufertur, integrari; non malum habet internuncium, sed malus est Judex*. And onward to this purpose, The sense could not otherwise perceive it in the *water*, neither ought it: For since the *Water* is one thing, and the
Air:

Air another ; 'tis requisite and necessary, that the *sense* should be as different as the *medium* : Wherefore the Eye sees aright ; if there be a mistake, 'tis the Judgement's the Deceiver. Elsewhere he saith, that our Eyes mis-inform us not, but faithfully transmit their resentment to the mind. And against the *Scepticks*, That it's a piece of injustice to complain of our *senses*, and to exact from them an account, which is beyond the sphere of their notice : and resolutely determines, *Quicquid possunt videre oculi, verum vident.* So that what we have said of the *senses deceptions*, is rigidly to be charg'd only on our careless Understandings, misleading us through the ill management of sensible informations. But because such are commonly known by the name of the *Senses deceits* (somewhat the more justifiably in that they administer the occasion) I have thought good to retain the usual way of speaking, though somewhat varying from the manner of apprehending.

CHAP. XI.

A fourth reason of our Ignorance and Error, viz. the fallacy of our Imaginations ; an account of the nature of that faculty ; Instances of its deceptions ; Spirits are not in a place ; Intellection, Volition, Decrees, &c. cannot properly be ascrib'd to God. It is not Reason that opposeth Faith, but Phancy: the interest which Imagination hath in many of our Opinions, in that it impresses a perswasion without evidence.

FOurthly, we erre and come short of *Science*, because we are so frequently mislead by the evil conduct of our *Imaginations* ; whose irregular strength and importunity doth almost perpetually abuse

abuse us. Now to make a full and clear discovery of our *Phancies* deceptions; 'twill be requisite to look into the nature of that *mysterious faculty*. In which survey we must trace the Soul in the wayes of her *intellectual* actions; whereby we may come to the distinct knowledge of what is meant by *Imagination*, in contradistinction to some other Powers. But first premising, that the *Soul's nature* (at least as far as concerns our inquiry) consists in *intelligibility*: And secondly, that when we speak of *Powers* and *Faculties* of the Soul, we intend not to assert with the *Schools*, their *real* distinction from it, or each other, but only a *modal* diversity. Therefore I shall distribute *Intellectual operations* according to the known *triple* division, though with some difference of representation. The first is *simple apprehension*, which denotes no more, then the souls naked *Intellection* of an object, without either *composition* or *deduction*. The foundation of this act, as to materials, is *sensitive perception*. Now our *simple* apprehension of corporal objects,

if

if present, we call *Sense* ; if absent, we properly name it *Imagination*. Thus when we would conceive a *Triangle*, *Man*, *Horse*, or any other sensible ; we figure it in our Phancies, and stir up there its sensible *Idea*. But in our notion of *spirituals*, we, as much as we can, denudate them of all material Phantasmes ; and thus they become the object of our *Intellects*, properly so called. Now all this while the *soul* is, as it were, silent ; and in a more passive way of reception. But the *second act* advanceth propositions from *simple intellections* : and hereby we have the knowledge of the *distinctions* or *identities* of objective representations. Now here, as in the former, where the objects are purely *material* ; the Judgment is made by the *Imagination* : if otherwise, we refer it to the *Understanding*. There is yet a *third Act*, which is a connecting of *Propositions* and deducing of *Conclusions* from them : and this the Schools call *Discourse* ; and we shall not miscall it, if we name it, *Reason*. Now this, as it supposeth the two former, so is it grounded on certain

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congenite propositions ; which I conceive to be the very *Essentials* of Rationality. Such are, *Quodlibet est, vel non est* ; *Impossibile est idem esse, & non esse* ; *Non entis nulla sunt predicata, &c.* Not that every one hath naturally a *formal* and *explicit* notion of these *Principles* : For the *Vulgar* use them, without knowledge of them, under any such *express* consideration ; But yet there was never any born to *Reason* without them. If any ask, how the Soul came by those *foundation-Propositions* : I return, as *Quantity* did by *longum, latum, & profundum* ; they being the *Essential annexes*, or rather *constitutives* of it, as *Reasonable*. Now then, when the conclusion is deduc'd from the unerring dictates of our faculties ; we say the Inference is *Rational* : But when from mis-apprehended, or ill-compounded phantasmes ; we ascribe it to the *Imagination*. So we see, there is a triple operation of the *Phancy* as well as *Intellect* ; and these powers are only *circumstantially* different. In this method we intend a distinct, though short account, how the *Imagination* deceives

ceives us. First then, the *Imaginations* which is of *simple* perception, doth never of it self and directly mislead us ; as is at large declared in our former discourse of *Sense*. Yet is it the almost fatal means of our deception, through the unwarrantable *compositions*, *divisions*, and *applications*, which it occasions the *second Act* to make of the *simple Images*. Hence we may derive the *Visions*, *Voyces*, *Revelations* of the *Enthusiast* : the strong *Idea's* of which, being conjur'd up into the *Imagination* by the heat of the *melancholized* brain, are judged exterior *Realities* ; when as they are but motions within the *Cranium*. Hence *Story* is full of the wonders, it works upon *Hypochondriacal Imaginants* ; to whom the grossest absurdities are infallible certainties, and free reason an *Impostour*. That *Groom*, that conceited himself an *Emperour*, thought all as irrational as disloyal, that did not acknowledge him : And he, that supposed himself made of *Glass* ; thought them all *mad*, that dis-believed him. But we pity, or laugh at those fatuous *extravagants* ; while yet our

selves have a considerable dose of what makes them so: and more sober heads have a set of misconceits, which are as absurd to an unpassionated *reason*, as those to our unabused *senses*. And, as the greatest counter-evidence to those distemper'd phancies is none: so in the more ordinary deceits, in which our Imaginations insensibly engage us, we give but little credit to the uncorrupted suggestions of the faculty, that should disabuse us. That the *Soul* and *Angels* are devoid of *quantitative dimensions*, hath the suffrage of the most; and that they have nothing to do with grosser *locality*, is as generally opinion'd: But who is it, that retains not a great part of the imposture, by allowing them a *definitive Ubi*, which is still but *Imagination*? He that said, a *thousand* might dance on the *point of a Needle*, spake but grossly; and we may as well suppose them to have *wings*, as a proper *Ubi*. We say, *Spirits* are where they operate: But strictly to be in a *place*, or *ubi*, is a *material* Attribute, and incompatible with so deperate a Nature. We ask not,
in

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in what place a *thought* is, nor are we solicitous for the *Ubi* of *Vertue*, or any other *Immaterial* accident. *Relations*, *Ubi-cations*, *Duration*, the vulgar Philosophy admits into the list of something; and yet to enquire in what *place* they are, were a solœcism. So that, if *to be* and *to be in a place* be not reciprocal; I know not why spirits may not be exempted, having as much to plead from the purity of their nature, as any thing *but one*, within the circle of being. And yet *Imagination* stands so strongly against the notion, that it cannot look for the favour of a very diffusive entertainment. But we are more dangerously deceiv'd, when judging the *Infinite Essence* by our narrow selves; we ascribe *Intellections*, *Volitions*, *Decrees*, *Purposes*, and such like *Immanent actions* to that nature, which hath nothing in common with us, as being infinitely above us. Now to use these as *Hypotheses*, as himself in his Word, is pleas'd to *low* himself to our capacities, is allowable: But a strict and rigorous imputation is derogatory to him, and arrogant in us. To say, that

God doth *eminently* contain all those effects in his glorious *simple Essence*, that the creature can produce or act by such a faculty, power, or affection; is to affirm him to be what he is, *Infinite*. Thus, to conceive that he can do all those things in the most perfect manner, which we do upon *understanding, willing, and decreeing*; is an apprehension suteable to his *Idea*: But to fix on him the formality of *faculties*, or *affections*; is the Imposture of our *Phancies*, and contradictory to his *Divinity*. 'Tis this deception misleads the contending world; and is the Author of most of that darkness and confusion, that is upon the face of the *Quinquarticular* debates. Now then, we being thus obnoxious to fallacy in our *apprehensions* and *judgements*, and so often imposed upon by these deceptions; our *Inferences* and *Deductions* must needs be as unwarrantable, as our *simple* and *compound* thoughts are deceitful. Thus the *reason* of the far greatest part of mankind, is but an aggregate of mistaken phantasms; and in things *not sensible* a constant delusion. Yea the highest and
 most

most improved parts of Rationality, are frequently caught in the entanglements of a tenacious *Imagination*; and submit to its obstinate, but delusory *Dictamens*. Thus we are involv'd in inextricable perplexities about the *Divine Nature*, and *Attributes*; and in our reasonings about those sublimities are puzzled with contradictions, which are but the toyings of our *Phancies*, no absurdities to our more defecate faculties. What work do our *Imaginations* make with *Eternity* and *Immensity*? and how are we gravell'd by their cutting *Dilemma's*? I'm confident many have thus imagin'd themselves out of their *Religion*; and run a ground on that more desperate absurdity, *Atheism*. To say, *Reason* opposeth *Faith*, is to scandalize both: 'Tis *Imagination* is the Rebel; *Reason* contradicts its impious suggestions. Nor is our *Reason* any more accountable for the Errours of our *Opinions*; then our *holiness* for the vitiosity of our *Lives*: And we may as well say, that the *Sun* is the cause of the *shadow*, which is the effect of the intercepting *opacity*, as either.

Reason and *Faith* are at perfect *Unisons*: The disharmony is in the *Phancy*. Το λογικόν ἐστὶ δεινόν, is a saying of *Plato's*; and well worthy a Christian subscription, *Reason* being the Image of the Creators Wisdom copyed out in the Creature. Though indeed, as 'tis now in the subject, 'tis but an amassment of *imaginary conceptions, præjudices, ungrounded opinions*, and infinite *Impostures*; and 'tis no wonder, if these are at odds with the Principles of our belief: But all this is but *apish Sophistry*; and to give it a Name so *Divine* and *excellent*, is abusive and unjust.

There is yet another as deplorable a deceit of our *Imaginations*, as any: which is, its impressing a strong persuasion of the Truth of an *Opinion*, where there is no evidence to support it. And if it be such, as we never heard question'd or contradicted; 'tis then held as indubitate, as *first principles*. Thus the most of mankind is led by *opinionative* impulse; and *Imagination* is prædominant. Hence we have an ungrounded *credulity* cry'd up for *faith*; and the more
vigorous

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vigorous impressions of *Phancy*, for the *Spirits* motions. These are the grand delusions of our Age, and the highest evidence of the *Imaginations* deceptions. This is the *spirit*, that works in the children of *Phancy*; and we need not seek to remoter resolutions. But the excellent Dr. *H. More* hath follow'd *Enthusiastick effects* to their proper *Origine*, and prevented our endeavours of attempting it. His Discourse of *Enthusiasm* compleatly makes good the Title; and 'tis as well a *Victory*, as a *Triumph*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

A fifth Reason, the precipitancy of our Understandings; the reason of it. The most close ingagement of our minds requisite to the finding of truth; the difficulties of the performance of it. Two instances of our precipitating; as the concluding thing impossible, which to Nature are not so; and the joyning Causes with irrelative Effects.

§.5. **A** Gain another account of the shortness of our Reasons and easiness of deception, is, the forwardness of our Understandings assent, to slightly examin'd conclusions, contracting many times a firm and obstinate belief from weak inducements; and that not only in such things, as immediately concern the sense,

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sense, but in almost every thing that falls within the scope of our enquiry. For the declarement of this, we are to observe, That every being uncessantly aspires to its own *perfection*, and is restless till it obtain it ; as is the trembling *Needle*, till it find its *beloved North*. Now the perfection of a Faculty is Union with its Object, to which its respective actions are directed, as the scope and term of its endeavours. Thus our Understanding being perfected by Truth, with all the impatience, which accompanies strong desire, breaths after its enjoyment. But now the *good* and perfection of *being*, which every thing reacheth at, must be *known*, and that in the particular instances thereof ; or else 'tis not attain'd : and if it be mistaken, that *being* courts deceit and its own delusion. Now this *Knowledge* of their *Good*, was at first as natural to all things, as the *desire* on't : otherwise this innate propension would have been as much a torment and misery to those things that are capable of it, as a needless impertinency to all others. But Nature shoots
not

not at *Rovers*. Even inanimates, though they know not their perfection themselves, yet are they not carryed on by a blind unguided *impetus* : But that which directs them, knows it. The next orders of being have some sight of it themselves: And man most perfectly had it, before the *touch* of the *Apple*. So then beside this general propensity to Truth, the *Understanding* must know what is so, before it can entertain it with *assent*. The former we possess (it may be) as entirely as when Nature gave it us: but of the latter little, but the capacity : And herein have we made our selves of all creatures the most miserable. And now such a multitude, such an Infinite of *uncertain opinions*, bare *probabilities*, specious *falsehoods*, spreading themselves before us, and solliciting our belief; and we being thus greedy of *Truth*, and yet so unable to discern it: It cannot be, that we should reach it any other wise, then by the most close *meditation* and engagement of our minds; by which we must endeavour to estrange our assent from every thing, which is not clearly, and distinctly

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distinctly evident to our *faculties*. But now, this is so difficult; and as hath been intimated, so almost infeasible; that it may well drive modesty to despair of *Science*. For though possibly *Affiduity* in the most fixed cogitation be no trouble or pain to *immaterializ'd spirits*; yet is it more, then our *embodied souls* can bear without lassitude or distemper. For in this terrestrial state there are few things transacted, even in our *Intellectual* part, but through the help and furtherance of *corporal Instruments*; which by more then ordinary usage lose their edge and fitness for action, and so grow inept for their respective destinations. Upon this account our *senses* are dull'd and spent by any extraordinary intention; and our very *Eyes* will ake, if long fixt upon any difficultly discerned object. Now though *Meditation* be to be reckoned among the most abstracted operations of our minds; yet can it not be performed without a considerable proportion of *Spirits* to assist in the Action, though indeed such as are furnish'd out of the bodies purer store. This I think

think to be hence evidenc't ; in that fix'd seriousness herein, heats the brain in some to distraction, causeth an aking and dizziness in sounder heads, hinders the works of Nature in its lower and animal functions, takes away or lessens pain in distemper'd parts, and seldom leaves any but under a wearysome dullness, and inactivity ; which I think to be arguments of sufficient validity to justify our assent to this, that the *Spirits* are employ'd in our most *intense* cogitations, yea in such, whose objects are most elevated above *material*. Now the managing and carrying on of this work by the *Spirits* instrumental *co-efficiency* requires, that they be kept together without distraction or dissipation ; that so they may be ready to receive and execute the orders and commissions of the commanding faculty. If either of these happen, all miscarries : as do the works of Nature, when they want that *heat*, which is requisite for their intended *perfection*. And therefore, for the prevention of such inconveniences in *meditation*, we choose recess and solitude.

But

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But now if we consider the *volatile* nature of those *officious Assistants*, and the several causes which occur continually, even from the meer *Mechanism* of our Bodies to scatter and disorder them, besides the excursions of our roving *phantasies* (which cannot be kept to a close attendance) ; it will be found very hard to retain them in any long service, but do what we can, they'l get loose from the Minds *Regimen*. So that it's no easie matter to bring the body to be what it was intended for, the *Souls servant* ; and to confine the *imagination*, of as facil a performance, as the *Goteham's* design of hedging in the *Cuckow*. And though some constitutions are genially disposed to this mental seriousness ; yet they can scarce say, *Nos numeri sumus* : yea in the most advantag'd tempers, this disposition is but *comparative* ; when as the most of men labour under disadvantages, which nothing can rid them of, but that which loosens them from this mass of flesh. Thus the boyling bloud of youth, fiercely agitating the fluid Air, hinders that serenity and fixed stayedness, which

which is necessary to so severe an intencess: And the frigidity of decrepitate age is as much its enemy, not only through penury of *spirits*, but by reason of its clogging them with its dulling moisture. And even in the temperate *zone* of our life, there are few bodies at such an *equipoiz* of humours; but that the prevalency of some one indisposeth the *spirits* for a work so difficult and serious: For *temperamentum ad pondus*, may well be reckon'd among the *three Philosophical unattainables*. Besides, the bustle of business, the avocations of our senses, and external pleasures, and the noyse and din of a clamorous world are impediments not to be master'd by feeble endeavours. And to speak the full of my Sentiments, I think never *Man* could boast it, without the Precincts of *Paradise*; but He, that came to gain us a better *Eden* then we lost. So then, to direct all this to our end, the mind of man being thus naturally amorous of, and impatient for *Truth*, and yet averse to, and almost incapacitated for, that diligent and painful search, which is necessary

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cessary to its discovery ; it must needs take up short, of what is really so, and please it self in the possession of imaginary appearances, which offering themselves to its embraces in the borrowed attire of that, which the *enamour'd Intellect* is in pursuit of, our impatient minds entertain these counterfeits, without the least suspicion of their couſenage. For as the *Will*, having lost its true and substantial *Good*, now courts the shadow, and greedily catches at the vain shews of *superficial* blis : so our no less degenerate *understandings* having suffered as sad a divorce from their dearest object, are as forward to defile themselves with every meretricious semblance, that the variety of opinion presents them with. Thus we see the inconsiderate vulgar, prostrating their assent to every shallow appearance : and those, who are beholden to *Prometheus* for a finer mould, are not furnisht with so much truth as otherwise they might be owners of, did not this *precipitancy* of *concluding* prevent them : As 'tis said of the industrious *Chymist*, that by catching at

K

it

it too soon, he lost the long expected treasure of the *Philosophical Elixir*. I'll illustrate this Head by a double instance, and close it.

1. Hence it is, that we conclude many things within the list of *Impossibilities*, which yet are easie *Feasables*. For by an unadvised transiliency leaping from the effect to its remotest cause, we observe not the connexion through the interposal of more immediate causalities; which yet at last bring the extreams together without a *Miracle*. And here-upon we hastily conclude that *impossible*, which we see not in the proximate capacity of its *Efficient*. Hence, that a single *Hair* should root up an *Oak* (which the Mathematicks teach us to be possible) will be thought fit to be number'd with the story of the *Brazen-head*, or that other of the wishing Hat. The relation of *Archimedes's* lifting up the ships of *Marcellus*, among many finds but little more credit, then that of the *Gyants* shouldering *Mountains*: And his other exploits sound no better to common Ears, then those of *Amadis de Gaule*,
and

and the *Knight* of the *Sun*. And yet
 Mathematicians know, that by multi-
 plying of Mechanical advantages, any
 power may conquer any resistance, and
 the great *Syracusan* wit wanted but
Tools, and a *place* to stand on, to re-
 move the *Earth*. So the brag of the *Ot-
 toman*, that he would throw *Malta* into
 the Sea, might be performed at an easier
 rate, then by the shovels of his *Fani-
 zaries*. And from this last noted head,
 ariseth that other of joyning *causes* with
irrelative effects, which either refer not
 at all unto them, or in a remoter ca-
 pacity. Hence the *Indian* conceiv'd so
 grossly of the *Letter*, that discover'd
 his Theft; and that other, who thought
 the Watch an *Animal*. From hence
 grew the impostures of *charms*, and
amulets, and other insignificant ceremo-
 nies; which to this day impose upon
 common belief, as they did of old up-
 on the *Barbarism* of the incultivate *Hea-
 then*. Thus effects unusual, whose causes
 run under ground, and are more remote
 from ordinary discernment, are noted
 in the Book of *Vulgar Opinion*, with

Digitus Dei, or *Demonis* ; though they owe no other dependence to the *first*, then what is common to the whole *Syntax* of beings, nor yet any more to the *second*, then what is given it by the imagination of those unqualifi'd Judges. Thus every unwonted *Meteor* is portentous ; and the appearance of any unobserved *Star* , some divine *Prognostick*. Antiquity thought *Thunder* the immediate voyce of *Jupiter* , and impleaded them of impiety , that referr'd it to natural causalities. Neither can there happen a *storm*, at this remove from *Antique* ignorance, but the multitude will have the *Devil* in't.

CHAP. XIII.

The sixth Reason discours't of, viz. the interest which our Affections have in our Dijudications. The cause why our Affections mislead us; several branches of this mention'd; and the first, viz Constitutional Inclination largely insisted on.

Again we owe much of our *Errour* and *Intellectual scarcity* to the Interest in, and power which our *affections* have over, our so easily seducible Understandings. And 'tis a truth well worthy the Pen, from which it dropt; *Periit Judicium, ubi res transiit in Affectum.* That *Love* himself cannot be wise and in *Love*; may be understood in a larger sense, then Antiquity meant it. *Affection* bribes the Judgement to the most notorious inequality; and we

cannot expect an equitable award, where the Judge is made a Party : So that, that Understanding only is capable of giving a just decision, which is, as *Aristotle* saith of the *Law*, Νόμος ἀνὴρ ἐστί τις : But where the *Will*, or *Passion* hath the casting voyce, the case of *Truth* is desperate. And yet this is the miserable disorder, into which we are laps'd : The lower Powers are gotten uppermost ; and we see like men on our heads, as *Plato* observ'd of old, that on the right hand, which indeed is on the left. The *Woman* in us, still prosecutes a deceit, like that begun in the *Garden* : and our Understandings are wedded to an *Eve*, as fatal as the *Mother* of our miseries. And while all things are judg'd according to their suitableness, or disagreement to the *Gusto* of the fond *Feminine* ; we shall be as far from the *Tree of Knowledge*, as from that, which is guarded by the *Cherubin*. The deceiver soon found this soft place of *Adam's* ; and Innocency it self did not secure him from this way of seduction. The first deception enter'd in at this Postern, and hath ever since kept it open for the entry
of

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of *Legion* : so that we scarce see any thing now but through our *Passions*, the most blind, and sophisticate things about us. Thus the *Monsters* which story relates to have their *Eyes* in their *breasts*, are *pictures* of us in our *invisible selves*. Our *Love* of one Opinion induceth us to embrace it ; and our *Hate* of another, doth more then fit us, for its rejection : And, *that Love is blind*, is extensible beyond the object of *Poetry*. When once the *affections* are engag'd, there's but a short step to the Understanding : and, *Facile credimus quod volumus*, is a truth, that needs not plead Authority to credit it.

The reason, I conceive, is this : *Love* as it were *uniting* the Object to the *Soul*, gives it a kind of *Identity* with us ; so that the beloved *Idea* is but *our selves* in another *Name* : and when *self* is at the bar, the sentence is not like to be impartial : For every man is naturally a *Narcissus*, and each *passion* in us, no other but *self-love* sweetned by milder Epithets. We can love nothing, but what is agreeable to us ; and our desire of what is

fo, hath its first inducement from within us: Yea, we love nothing but what hath some resemblance within our selves; and whatever we applaud as good or excellent, is but *self* in a *transcript*, and *è contrà*. Thus, to reach the highest of our *Amours*, and to speak all at once: We love our *friends*, because they are our *Image*; and we love our *God*, because we are *his*. So then, the *beloved* Opinion being thus wedded to the *Intellect*; the case of our *espoused self* becomes our own: And when we weigh our selves, *Justice* doth not use to hold the ballance. Besides, all things being double-handed, and having the appearances both of Truth, and Falshood; where our *affections* have engaged us, we attend only to the former, which we see through a magnifying *Medium*: while looking on the latter, through the wrong end of the *Perspective*; which scants their dimensions, we neglect and contemn them. Yea, and as in corrupt judicial proceedings, the fore-stalled Understanding passes a peremptory sentence upon the single hearing of one
Party;

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Party ; and so comes under the Poets censure of him, *Qui statuit aliquid parte inaudita alterâ.*

But to give a more particular account of this Gullery ; Our *affections* engage us as by our *Love to our selves*, so by our *Love to others*. Of the former we have the observable instances of *natural disposition, Custom and Education, Interest*, and our *proper Invention* : Of the latter in that *Homage*, which is paid to *Antiquity*, and *Authority*. I take them up in order.

I. *Congruity* of Opinions, whether true or false, to our *natural constitution*, is one great incentive to their belief, and reception : and in a sense too the *complexion* of the *mind*, as well as *manners*, follows the *Temperament* of the Body. Thus some men are genially disposed to some *Opinions*, and naturally as averse to others. Some things we are inclined to love, and we know not why : Others we disesteem, and upon no better account then the Poet did *Sabidius, Hoc tantum possum dicere, Non amo te.* Some faces at first sight we admire
and

and dote on : others, in our impartial apprehensions no less deserving our esteem, we can behold without resentment ; and it may be with an invincible disregard. I question not, but intellectual representations are received by us , with as an unequal a Fate upon a bare *Temperamental* Relish or Disgust : And I believe the Understanding hath its *Idiosyncrasies*, as well as other faculties. Some men are made to *superstition*, others to *frantick Enthusiasm* ; the former by the cold of a timorous heart , the latter by the heat of a temerarious brain : And there are natures, as fatally averse to either. And the *opinions* , which are suited to their respective *tempers*, will be sure to find their welcome, and to grow without manure. Your dull *phlegmatick* Souls are taken with the dulness of *sensible* doctrines : and the more *Mercurial* Geniuses calculated to what is more refined, and *Intellectual*. Thus *opinions* have their *Climes* and *National* diversities : And as some Regions have their proper Vices, not so generally found in others ; so have they their mental depravities, which are drawn

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drawn in with the common air of the Countrey. And I take this for one of the most considerable causes of the diversity of *Laws, Customs, Religions, natural* and *moral* doctrines, which is to be found in the divided Regions of the inhabited Earth. And therefore I wonder not at the *Idolatry* of the *Jews* of old, or of the several parts of the world to this day, nor at the *sensual expectations* of the *Mussel-men*, nor at the fopperies of the superstitious *Romanists*, nor the ridiculous devotions of the deluded *Indians*: since that the most senseless conceits and fooleries cannot miss of Harbor, where *affecti-on*, grown upon the stock of a *depraved constitution*, hath endeared them. And if we do but more nearly look into our *faculties*, beginning our survey from the lowest dregs of *sense*, even those which have a nearer commerce with matter, and so by steps ascend to our more *spiritualiz'd selves*: we shall throughout discover how *constitutional partiality* sways us. Thus to one *Palate* that is *sweet, desirable, and delicious*, which to another is *odious and distastful*; or more

com-

compendiouſly in the Proverb, *One mans meat is anothers poyſon*. Thus what to one is a moſt grateful *odour*, to another is *noxious* and *diſpleaſant*; 'twere a miſery to ſome to lye ſtretch't on a bed of Roſes: And in the *ſenſe* of *life*; that's a *welcome touch* to one, which is *diſagreeing* to another. And yet to riſe a little higher to the *nobler pair*; the *muſical* *Airs*, which one entertains with moſt *delightful tranſports*, to another are *importune*: and the objects, which one can't ſee without an *Extasie*, another is no more mov'd at, than a *Statue*. If we paſs further, the *phancies* of men are ſo immediately diverſify'd by the individual *Craſis*, that every man is in this a *Phœnix*; and owns ſomething, wherein none are like him: and theſe are as many, as humane nature hath *ſingulars*. Now the *phancies* of the moſt, like the *Index* of a Clock, are moved but by the inward *Springs* and wheels of the corporal *Machine*; which even on the moſt ſublimæ Intellectuals is dangerously *influential*. And yet this ſits at the Helm of the Worlds belief;

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belief; and *Vulgar Reason* is no better than a more *refined Imagination*. So then the *Senses*, *Phancy*, and what we call *Reason* it self, being thus influenc'd by the *Bodies temperament*, and little better than indications of it; it cannot be otherwise, but that this *love of our selves* should strongly incline us in our most abstracted *dijudications*.

CHAP. XIV.

A second thing whereby our Affections ingage us in Error, is the prejudice of Custom and Education. A third, Interest. The fourth, Love to our own Productions.

2. **A** Nother genuine derivation of this *selfish fondness*, by reason of which we miscarry of *Science*, is the almost insuperable *prejudice of Custom, and Education*: by which our minds are
encumber'd,

encumber'd, and the most are held in a *Fatal Ignorance*. Now could a man be compos'd to such an advantage of constitution, that it should not at all adulterate the images of his mind ; yet this *second nature* would alter the *crasis* of the Understanding, and render it as obnoxious to aberrances, as now. And though in the former regard, the *Soul* were a pure *αγαθον χαματερον* ; yet *custom* and *education* will so blot and scribe on't, as almost to incapacitate it for after-impressions. Thus we judge all things by our *anticipations* ; and condemn or applaud them, as they agree or differ from our *education-prepossessions*. One Countrey laughs at the *Laws, Customs,* and *Opinions* of another, as absurd and ridiculous ; and the other is as charitable to them, in its conceit of theirs. This confirms the most sottish *Idolaters* in their accustomed adorations, beyond the conviction of any thing, but *Dooms-day*. The impressions of a barbarous *education* are stronger in them, then *nature* ; when in their cruel *worships* they launce themselves with knives, and expose their
harmless

harmless *Infants* to the *flames* as a Sa-
 crifice to their *Idols*. And 'tis on this
 account, that there's no Religion so ir-
 rational, but can boast its *Martyrs*. This
 is it, which befriends the *Talmud* and
Alcoran; and did they not owe their cre-
 dit more to it, then to any rational in-
 ducement, we might expect their *ashes*:
 whereas *Education* hath so rooted these
 mis-believers in their ungrounded *faith*,
 that they may alsoon be pluck't from
 themselves, as from their obstinate ad-
 herencies; and to convert a *Turk*, or *Jew*,
 may be well a *phrase* for an attempt
impossible. We look for it *only* from him,
 to whom our *Impossibles* are *none*. And
 'tis to be feared, that *Christianity* it self by
 most, that have espoused it, is not held
 by any better tenure. The best account
 that many can give of their *belief*, is,
 that they were *bred* in it; which indeed
 is no better, then that which we call, the
Womans Reason. And thousands of them,
 whom their profession, and our charity
 styles *Christians*, are driven to their Re-
 ligion by *custom* and *education*, as the
Indians are to *Baptism*; that is, like a
 drove

drove of Cattle to the water. And had our *Stars* determin'd our nativities among the Enemies of the *Cross*, and theirs under a *Christian horoscope*; in all likelihood *Antichristianism* had not been the object of our aversion, nor *Christianity* of theirs: But we should have exchang'd the Scene of our belief with that of our abode and *breeding*. There is nothing so *monstrous*, to which *education* cannot form our ductile *minority*; it can lick us into shapcs beyond the *monstrosities* of those of *Affrica*. And as King *James* would say of *Parliaments*; it can do any thing, but make a *man* a *woman*. For our initial age is like the melted wax to the prepared Seal, capable of any impression from the documents of our Teachers. The *half-moon* or *Cross*, are indifferent to its reception; and we may with equal facility write on this *rasa Tabula*, Turk, or Christian. We came into the world like the unformed *Cub*; 'tis *education* is our *Plastick*: we are baptized into our opinions by our Juvenile nurture, and our growing years confirm those unexamined Principles. For
our

our first task is to learn the *Creed* of our
 Countrey ; and our next to maintain it.
 We seldom examine our *Receptions*,
 more then children their *Catechisms* ;
 For *Implicit* faith is a virtue , where *Or-
 thodoxie* is the object. Some will not be
 at the trouble of a Tryal : others are
 scar'd from attempting it. If we do,
 'tis not by a *Sun-beam* or ray of univer-
 sal light ; but by a *flame* that's kindled
 by our *affections*, and fed by the fuel
 of our *anticipations*. And thus like the
Hermite , we think the *Sun* shines no
 where , but in our *Cell* ; and all the
 world to be in darknes but our selves.
 We judge truth to be circumscrib'd by
 the confines of our belief, and the do-
 ctrines we were brought up in: and with as
 ill manners, as those of *China*, repute all
 the rest of ^{the} world, *Monoculens*. So that
 what some *Astrologers* say of our *For-
 tunes* and the passages of our lives ; may
 by the allowance of a *Metaphor* be said
 of our *Opinions* : That they are written
 in our *stars*, being to the most as fatal
 as those involuntary occurrences, and as
 little in their Power as the *placits* of
 I. destiny.

destiny. We are bound to our Countreys opinions, as to its laws : and an accustomed assent is *tantamount* to an infallible conclusion. He that offers to dissent, shall be out-law'd in his reputation : and the fear of guilty *Cain*, shall be fulfilled on him, who ever *meets* him *shall slay him*. Thus *Custom* and *Education* hath seal'd the *Canon* ; and he that adds or takes away from the Book of *Orthodox* belief, shall be more then in danger of an *Anathema* : And the *Inquisition* is not confined to the jurisdiction of the *Triple-Crown*. So we preposterously invert the Precept ; holding fast what hath the Vote of our antedating apprehensions, we try all things by these our partial *Prolepses*. He that dares do otherwise, is a *Rebel* to *Orthodoxy* ; and exposeth his credit to *Sequestration*. Thus *Custom* conciliates our esteem to things, no otherwise deserving it : what is in *fashion*, is handsom and pleasant ; though never so uncouth to an unconcern'd beholder. Their antick deckings with feathers is as comely in the account of those barbarous Nations, which use them ; as the Ornaments of
Lace,

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Lace, and Ribband, are in ours. And the plucking off the shooe is to the *Japanners* as decent a salutation ; as the uncovering of the *head* is to us, and their abhorred *neighbours*. On the other hand we start and boggle at what is *unusual* : and like the *Fox* in the fable at his first view of the *Lyon*, we cannot endure the sight of the *Bug-bear*, *Novelty*. Hence some innocent truths have been affix'd with the reproach of *Heresie* : into which, because contrary to the inur'd belief, the violent rejecters would not endure a patient inspection : But as children frighted in the dark, who run away with an out-cry from the *Monsters* of their own imaginations framing ; and will not stay for the information of a better discovery : so they looking on them through their unadvised fears, and uncharitable suspicions ; command their Understandings to a præcipitate flight, figuring their phancies to shapes *monstrous* and *horrible*, through which they make them the objects of their aversion. Hence there is no truth, but its adversaries have made it an ugly *Vizard* ; by which it's expos'd to the hate and dis-

esteem of superficial examiners : And an opprobrious title with vulgar believers is as good as an *Argument*. 'Tis but writing the name, that customary receptions have discredited, under the opinions we dislike ; and all other refutation is superfluous. Thus shallow apprehenders are frighted from many sober *Verities* ; like the King of *Arabs*, who ran away from the *Smoking Mince-Py*, apprehending some dangerous plot in the harmless steam. So then, while we thus mistake the infusions of *education*, for the *principles* of universal *nature* ; we must needs fail of a *scientific Theory*. And therefore the two Nations differing about the *antiquity* of their Language, made appeal to an undecisive *experiment* ; when they agreed upon the tryal of a child brought up among the wild Inhabitants of the Desert. The *Language* it spake, had no reason to be accounted the most ancient and natural : And the lucky determination for the *Phrygians* by its pronouncing the word *Beck*, which signified bread in the dialect of that Countrey, they owed not to *Nature*, but
the

the *Goat-herd*; from which the exposed Infant, by accompanying that sort of *animals*, had learnt it.

3. Again, *Interest* is another thing, by the *magnetisme* of which our *affections* are almost irresistibly attracted. It is the *Pole*, to which we turn, and our *sympathizing* Judgements seldom decline from the *direction* of this *Impregnant*. Where *Interest* hath engaged us; like *Hannibal*, we'll find a way to veritie, or make it. Any thing is a Truth, to one whose *Interest* it is, to have it so. And therefore Self-designers are seldom disappointed, for want of the speciousness of a cause to warrant them; in the belief of which, they do oft as really impose upon themselves, as industriously endeavour it upon others. With what an infinite of *Lawsuits*, *controversies*, and *litigious cases* doth the world abound? and yet every man is confident of the truth and goodness of his own. And as Mr. *Hobbs* observes, the reason that Mathematical demonstrations are uncontroverted, is; because *Interest* hath no place in those unquestionable *verities*: when as, did the advan-

rage, of any stand against them, *Euclid's Elements* would not pass with a *Nemine contradicente*. Sir *H. Blunt* tells us, that temporal expectations bring in droves to the *Mahumetan Faith*, and we know the same holds thousands in the *Romish*. The *Eagles* will be, where the *carcase* is; and that shall have the faith of most, which is best able to pay them for't. An advantageous cause never wanted *Profelytes*. I confess, I cannot believe that all the learned *Romanists* profess against their *conscience*; but rather, that their *Interest* brings their *consciences* to their *Profession*: and self-advantage can as easily incline some, to believe a falsehood, as profess it. A good will, help'd by a good wit, can find truth any where: and, what the *Chymists* brag of their *Elixir*, it can transmute any *metal* into *gold*; In the hand of a skilful Artificer, in spite of the Adage, *Ex quolibet ligno Mercurius*. Though yet I think, that every Religion hath its bare *Nominals*: and that Pope was one with a witness, whose saying it was, *Quantum nobis lucrì peperit illa fabula de Christo!*

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4. Besides, fourthly, *Self-love* engageth us for any thing, that is a *Minerva* of our own. We love the issues of our *Brains*, no less then those of our *bodies*: and fondness of our own *begotten notions*, though *illegitimate*, obligeth us to maintain them. We hugge intellectual deformities, if they bear our Names; and will hardly be perswaded they are so, when our selves are their Authors. If their *Dam* may be judge, the young *Apes* are the most beautiful things in Nature; and if we might determine it, our proper conceptions would be all voted *Axioms*. Thus then the *Affections* wear the breeches: and the *Female* rules, while our Understanding governs us, as the story saith *Themistocles* did *Athens*. So that to give the sum of all, most of the contests of the litigious world pretending for *Truth*, are but the bandyings of one mans *affections* against anothers: in which, though their reasons may be foil'd, yet their *Passions* lose no ground, but rather improve by the *Antiperistasis* of an opposition.

C H A P. XV.

5. Our *Affections* are engaged by our Reverence to *Antiquity* and *Authority*. This hath been a great hinderer of *Theoretical* improvements; and it hath been an advantage to the *Mathematicks*, and *Mechanicks Arts*, that it hath no place in them. Our mistake of *Antiquity*. The unreasonableness of that kind of *Pedantick Adoration*. Hence the vanity of affecting impertinent quotations. The *Pedantry* on't is derided; the little improvement of *Science* through its successive derivations, and whence that hath hapned.

A Nother thing, that engageth our *affections* to unwarrantable conclusions, and is therefore fatal to *Science*; is
our

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our doting on *Antiquity*, and the opinions of our *Fathers*. We look with a superstitious reverence upon the accounts of præterlaps'd ages: and with a supercilious severity, on the more deserving products of our own. A vanity, which hath possess'd all times as well as ours; and the *Golden Age* was never *present*. For as in *Statick* experiment, an inconsiderable weight by vertue of its distance from the Centre of the Ballance, will preponderate much greater magnitudes; so the most slight and chaffy opinion, if at a great remove from the present age, contracts such an esteem and veneration, that it out-weighs what is infinitely more ponderous and rational, of a *modern* date. And thus, in another sense, we realize what *Archimedes* had only in *Hypothesis*; weighing a single *grain* against the *Globe* of Earth. We reverence gray-headed Doctrines; though feeble, decrepit, and within a step of dust: and on this account maintain opinions, which have nothing but our *charity* to uphold them. While the *beauty* of a Truth, as of a *picture*, is not acknowledg'd but at a *distance*;

distance ; and that wisdom is nothing worth, which is not fetcht from *afar* : wherein yet we oft deceive our selves, as did that *Mariner*, who mistaking them for precious stones, brought home his ship fraught with common *Pebbles* from the remotest *Indies*. Thus our Eyes, like the *preposterous Animal's*, are behind us ; and our Intellectual motions *retrograde*. We adhere to the determinations of our fathers, as if their *opinions* were entail'd on us as their *lands* ; or (as some conceive) part of the Parents soul were portion'd out to his off-spring, and the conceptions of our minds were *ex tra-duce*. The Sages of old live again in us ; and in opinions there is a *Metempsychosis*. We are our re-animated *Ancestours*, and antedate their *Resurrection*. And thus, while every age is but another shew of the former ; 'tis no wonder, that Science hath not out-grown the dwarfishness of its *pristine stature*, and that the *Intellectual world* is such a *Microcosm*. For while we account of some admired Authours, as the *Seths Pillars*, on which all knowledge is engraven ; and spend
that

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that time and study in defence of their Placits, which with more advantage to Science might have been employ'd upon the Books of the more ancient, and *universal Author*: 'Tis not to be admired, that Knowledge hath receiv'd so little improvement from the endeavours of many pretending promoters, through the continued series of so many successive ages. For while we are slaves to the *Dictates* of our *Progenitours*; our discoveries, like *water*, will not run higher then the *Fountains*, from which they own their derivation. And while we think it so piaculous, to go beyond the *Ancients*; we must necessarily come short of genuine *Antiquity*, Truth; unless we suppose them to have reach'd perfection of Knowledge in spite of their acknowledgements of ignorance.

Now if we enquire the reason, why the *Mathematicks*, and *Mechanick Arts*, have so much got the start in growth of other *Sciences*: We shall find it probably resolv'd into this, as one considerable cause: that their progress hath not been retarded by that reverential awe of former discoveries,

discoveries, which hath been so great an hinderance to Theorical improvements. 'Twas never an heresie to out-limn *Apelles*; nor criminal to out-work the *Obelisks*. *Galileus* without a crime out-saw all *Antiquity*; and was not afraid to believe his eyes, in spite of the *Opticks* of *Ptolomy* and *Aristotle*. 'Tis no discredit to that ingenious *Perspicill*, that *Antiquity* ne're saw in't: Nor are we shy of assent to those *celestial* informations, because they were *hid from ages*. We believe the *verticity* of the *Needle*, without a Certificate from the *dayes of old*: And confine not our selves to the sole conduct of the *Stars*, for fear of being wiser then our Fathers. Had *Authority* prevail'd here, the *Earths fourth part* had to us been *none*, and *Hercules* his Pillars had still been the worlds *Non ultra*: *Seneca's* Prophecie had yet been an unfulfill'd Prediction, and one moiety of our *Globes*, an empty *Hemispher*.

In a sense, *Tà ἀρτία νεαρίνο*, is a wholesome instruction; and becoming the Vote of a *Synod*: But yet, in common acceptance, it's an Enemy to *Verity*,
which

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which can plead the *antiquity* of above *six thousand* ; and bears date from before the *Chaos*. For, as the Noble Lord *Verulam* hath noted, we have a mistaken apprehension of *Antiquity* ; calling that so, which in truth is the worlds *Nonage*. *Antiquitas seculi est juvenus Mundi*. So that in such appeals, we fetch our knowledge from the *Cradle* ; which though it be nearest to *Innocence* , it is so too to the fatal ruines which follow'd it. Upon a true account, the *present age* is the worlds *Grandevity* ; and if we must to *Antiquity*, let multitude of days speak. Now for us to supersede further disquisition, upon the infant acquirements of those *Juvenile* endeavours, is foolishly to neglect the nobler advantages we are owners of, and in a sense to disappoint the expectations of him that gave them. Yet thus we prevent our selves of Science ; and our knowledge, though its Age write *thousands*, is still in its *swadlings*. For like School-boys, we give over as soon as we have learn't as far as our Masters can teach us : And had not the undertakings of some glorious Heroes

roes prevented ; *Plato's* year might have
 found us, where the days of *Aristotle* left
 us. For my part, I think it no such
 arrogance, as our Pedants account it ;
 that almost two thousand years elapsed
 since, should weigh with the sixty three
 of the *Stagirite*. If we owe it to him,
 that we know so much ; 'tis long of his
 Pedantick adorers that we know so little
 more. I can see no ground, why his
 Reason should be *textuary* to ours ; or
 that God, or Nature, ever intended him
 an Universal *Headship*. It was another,
 in whom were hid all the Treasures of
Wisdom and Knowledge : His reason only
 is the *Yea* and *Amien* ; who is the *Alpha*
 and *Omega*, the Christian *ΛΩΩ*. 'Twas
 this vain Idolizing of Authors, which
 gave birth to that silly vanity of *imper-*
inent citations ; and inducing Authority
 in things neither requiring, nor deserving
 it. That saying was much more observa-
 ble, *That men have beards, and women*
none ; because quoted from *Beza* : and
 that other, *Pax res bona est* ; because
 brought in with a, *said St. Austin*. But
 these ridiculous fooleries, to your more
 generous

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generous discerners, signifie nothing but the Pedantry of the affected Sciolist. 'Tis an inglorious acquist to have our heads or Volumes laden, as were Cardinal *Campius* his Mules, with old and useles luggage : And yet the magnificence of many high pretenders to Science, if laid open by a true discovery, would amount to no more then the old *Boots* and *Shoes*, of that proud, and exposed *Embassadour*. Methinks 'tis a pitiful piece of Knowledge, that can be learnt from an *Index* ; and a poor Ambition to be rich in the Inventory of anothers Treasure. To boast a *memory* (the most that these Pedants can aim at) is but an humble ostentation. And of all the faculties, in which some Brutes out-vie us, I least envy them an excellence in that ; desiring rather to be a *Fountain*, then a *Hogs-head*. 'Tis better to own a Judgment, though but with a *Curta supellex* of coherent notions ; then a *memory*, like a Sepulchre, furnished with a load of broken and discarnate bones. *Authorities* alone with me make no *number*, unless Evidence of Reason stand

stand before them : For all the *Cyphers* of *Arithmetick*, are no better then a single *nothing*. And yet this rank folly of affecting such impertinencies ; hath overgrown our Times ; and those that are Candidates for the repute of *Scholars*, take this way to compass it. When as multiplicity of reading, the best it can signifie, doth but speak them to have taken pains for it. And this alone is but the dry, and barren part of learning, and hath little reason to denominate. A number of *Reccits* at the best can but make an *Emperick*.

But again, to what is more perpendicular to our discourse, if we impartially look into the remains of Antique Ages ; we shall finde but little to justify so groundless a Tyranny, as *Antiquity* hath impos'd on the enslaved world. For if we drive the Current of Science as high, as *History* can lead us ; we shall finde, that through its several successive derivations it hath still lain under such disadvantages, as have rendred any considerable accession unfeasable. And though

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it hath oft chang'd its Channel, by its remove from one Nation to another; yet hath it been little more alter'd, than a *River* in its passage through differing *Regions*, viz. in *Name* and *Method*. For the succeeding times still subscribing to, and copying out those, who went before them, with little more than *verbal* diversity; *Science* hath still been the same *pityful* thing, though in a various *Livery*. Now if we look upon it, either in the hand of the *superstitious Egyptian*, *fabulous* and *disputing Grecian*, or as *garrulous Roman*: what hath it been, but only a pretty toy in an *Hieroglyphick*; a very slender something in a *Fable*; or an old nothing in a *disputation*? And though those former days have not wanted brave *Wits*, that have gallantly attempted, and made *Essays* worthy *Immortality*; yet by reason either of the unqualified capacities of the multitude, (who dote on things slight and trivial, neglecting what is more rare and excellent) or the clamorous assaults of envious and more popular opposers, they have submitted

to Fate, and are almost lost in Oblivion. And therefore, as that great man, the *Lord Bacon* hath observ'd, *Time as a River*, hath brought down to us what is more light and superficial; while things more solid and substantial have been immerfed. Thus the *Aristotelian Philosophy* hath prevailed; while the more excellent *Hypotheses* of *Democritus* and *Epicurus* have long lain buried under neglect and obloquy: and for ought I know might have slept for ever, had not the ingenuity of this age recall'd them from their *Urne*. But it is somewhat collateral to my scope, as well as disproportion'd to my abilities, to fall upon particular Instances of the defects and Errours of the *Philosophy* of the *Ancients*. The foremention'd noble *Advancer of Learning*, whose name and parts might give credit to any undertaking; hath handsomly perform'd it, in his ingenious *Novum Organum*. And yet, because it may conferr towards the discovery of how little our adherence to *Antiquity* befriends Truth, and the encrease

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increase of Knowledge ; as also how
groundless are the *Dogmatists* high pre-
tensions to Science : I shall adventure
some considerations on the *Peripatetick*
Philosophy ; which hath had the luck to
survive all others, and to build a fame on
their *Ruines*.

M 2

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Reflexions on the Peripatetick
Philosophy.

The Generality of its Reception, no Argument of its deserts; the first charge against that Philosophy; that it is meerly verbal. A Censure of the Peripatetick Jesuites. Materia prima in that Philosophy signifies nothing. A Parallel drawn between it and Imaginary Space: this latter pleads more for its reality. Their Form also is a meer word, and potentia Materia insignificant. An essay to detect Peripatetick Verbosity, by translating some definitions.

THAT *Aristotles Philosophy* hath been entertain'd by the most; hath deceiv'd the credulous into a conceit, that
it's

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it's *best* : And its intrinſick worth hath been concluded from the Grandure of its Retinue. But *Seneca's* determination, *Argumentum peſſimi Turbaeſt*, is more deſerving our credit : and the *feweſt*, that is the *wiſeſt*, have always ſtood contradictory to that ground of belief ; Vulgar applauſe by ſeverer Wiſdom being held a ſcandal. If the numerousneſs of a Train muſt carry it ; *Vertue* may go follow *Aſtræa*, and *Vice* only will be worth the courting. The *Philosopher* deſervedly ſuſpected himſelf of vanity, when cryed up by the multitude : And diſcreet apprehenders will not think the better of that *Philophy*, which hath the common cry to vouch it. He that writ counter to the *Aſtrologer* in his *Almanack*, did with more truth foretell the *weather* : and he that ſhall write, *Foul*, in the place of the Vulgars, *Fair* ; paſſes the juſter censure. Thoſe in the *Fable*, who were wet with the ſhowre of folly, hooted at the *wiſe men* that eſcap'd it, and pointed at their actions as *ridiculous* ; becauſe unlike their own, that were truly ſo. If the major Vote may caſt it,

Wisdom and Folly must exchange names; and the way to the one will be by the other. Nor is it the Rabble only, which are such perverse discerners; ~~we~~ are now a speck above them: I mean the *πικρυ* of pretended *Philosophers*, who judge as oddly in their way, as the *Rascality* in theirs: and many a profest Retainer to *Philosophy*, is but an *Ignoramus* a in suit of *second Notions*. 'Tis such, that most revere the Reliques of the Adored *Sophy*; and, as *Artemesia* did those of *Mausolus*, passionately drink his ashes. Whether the Remains of the *Stagirite* deserve such *Veneration*, we'll make a brief enquiry.

1. That the *Aristotelian Philosophy* is an huddle of words and terms insignificant, hath been the censure of the wisest: And that both its Basis and Superstructure are *Chimerical*; cannot be unobserv'd by them, that know it, and are free to judge it. 'Tis a *Philosophy*, that makes most accurate Inspections into the Creatures of the Brain; and gives the exactest *Topography* of the *Extramundane spaces*. Like our late *Politicians*, it makes discoveries,

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discoveries, and their objects too ; and deals in beings, that are nothing beholden to the *Primitive Fiat*. Thus the same undivided Essence, from the several circumstances of its being and operations, is here multiplied into *Legion*, and improv'd to a number of smaller *Entities* ; and these again into as many *Modes* and insignificant *formalities*. What a number of words here have nothing answering them ? and as many are imposed at random. To wrest names from their known meaning to Senses most alien, and to darken *speech by words without knowledge* ; are none of the most inconsiderable faults of this *Philosophy* : To reckon them in their particular instances, would puzzle *Archimedes*. Now hence the genuine *Idea's* of the Mind are adulterate ; and the Things themselves lost in a crowd of *Names*, and *Intentional nothings*. Thus these *Verbosities* do emasculate the Understanding ; and render it slight and frivolous, as its objects. Me thinks, the late *Voluminous Jesuites*, those *Laplanders* of *Peripatericisms*, do but subtilly trifle : and their *Philosophick* undertakings

are much like his, who spent his time in darting *Cumming-seeds* through the *Eye* of a *Needle*. One would think they were impregnated, as are the Mares in *Cappadocia*; they are big of words: their tedious Volumes have the *Tympany*, and bring forth the wind. To me, a *curfus Philosophicus*, is but an Impertinency in *Folio*; and the studying of them a laborious idleness. 'Tis here, that things are crumbled into *notional Atomes*; and the substance evaporated into an *imaginary Aether*. The Intellect, that can feed on this *air*, is a *Chamalion*; and a meer *inflated* skin. From this stock grew *School-divinity*, which is but *Beripateticism* in a *Theological Livery*. A *School-man* is the Ghost of the *Stagirite*, in a Body of condensed Air: and *Thomas* but *Aristotle fainted*. But to make good our charge against the *Philosophy* of the *Schools*, by a more close surveying it. That its *Principles* are steril, unsatisfying *Verbosities*; cannot elcape the notice of the most shallow Inquirer. To begin at the bottom; their *Materia prima* is a meer *chimera*. If we can fix a determinate

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nate conceit of nothing ; that's the *Idea* on't: And, *Nec quid, nec quale, nec quantum*, is as as apposite a *definition* of *nothing*, as can be. If we would conceive this Imaginary *Matter*: we must deny all things of it, that we can conceive, and what remains is the thing we look for. And should we allow it all, which its Assertors assign it, *viz. Quantity interminate*; 'tis still but an empty extended capacity, and therefore at the best, but like that *Space*, which we imagine was before the beginning of *Time*, and will be after the Universal *Flames*. 'Tis easie to draw a *Parallelism* between that *Ancient*, and this more *Modern Nothing*; and in all things to make good its resemblance to that *Commentitious Inanity*. The *Peripatetick matter* is a pure unactuated Power: and this conceited *Vacuum* a meer Receptibility. *Matter* is suppos'd *indeterminate*: and *Space* is so. The pretended *first matter* is capable of all *forms*: And the *imaginary space* is receptive of any *body*. The *matter* can be actuated at once but by a single *Informant*: and *Space* is replenish'd by
one

one *Corporal Inexistence*. Matter cannot naturally subsist *uninform'd*: And Nature avoids *vacuity* in *space*. The *matter* is *ingenerate*, and beyond corruption: And the *space* was before, and will be after either. The *matter* in all things is but *one*: and the *space* most *uniform*. Thus the Foundation-Principle of *Peripateticism* runs but *parallel* to an acknowledged *nothing*: and their agreement in essential characters makes rather an *Identity*, then a *Parity*; but that *Imaginary space* hath more to plead for its *reality*, then the *matter* hath, and herein only are they *dissimilar*. For *that* hath no dependence on the bodies which possess it; but was before them, and will survive them: whereas *this* essentially relies on the *form*, and cannot subsist without it. Which yet, me thinks, is little better then an *absurdity*: that the cause should be an *Eleemosynary* for its subsistence to its effect, and a nature *posterior* to, and dependent on it self. This *dependentia a posteriori*, though in a diverse way of causality, my reason could never away with: Yea, one of their own,

Oviedo

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Oviedo a *Spanish* Jesuite, hath effectually impugn'd it. So then there's nothing *real*, answering this Imaginary *Proteus*; and *Materia prima* hath as much of being, as *Mons aureus*. But to take a step further, their *Form* is as obnoxious; and as dry a *word*, as the formention'd *Nominal*. I'll not spend time in an industrious confutation: The subject is dry, and I long to be out on't; with a note on its *imaginary Origine*, I'll leave it. It's source is as obscure, as *Nile's*; and *potentia materia* is a pitiful figment. Did it suppose any thing of the *form* to pre-exist in the *matter*, as the seminal of its being; 'twere tolerable sense to say it were *educ'd* from it. But by *educing* the affirmers only mean a producing in it, with a subjective dependence on its Recipient: a very fine signification of *Eduction*; which answers not the question whence 'tis derived, but into what it is received. The question is of the *terminus à quo*, and the answer of the *subject*. So that all that can be made of this *power* of the *matter*, is meerly a *receptive capacity*: and we may as well affirm, that

that the world was *educ'd* out of the *power* of the *imaginary space*; and give that as a sufficient account of its Original. And in this language, to grow rich were to *educe* money out of the *power* of the Pocket. To make a full discovery of the jejune emptiness of these *Philosophick Principles*, were a task as easie for an ordinary undertaker; as it would be tedious to an Ingenious Reader. *Gassendus* hath excellently perform'd it, and, I am confident, to the conviction of those, whom nobler *Principles* have not yet emancipated from that degenerate slavery. I shall not attempt a work that hath been finished by such an *Apelles*. Only to give an hint more of this verbal emptiness; a short view of a *definition* or two will be current evidence: which, though in *Greek* or *Latine* they amuse us, yet a *vernacular translation* unmasks them; and if we make them speak *English*, the cheat is transparent. Light is *ἡμετέρα τῶ διαφάνου* saith that *Philosophy*: In *English*, the *Act* of a *perspicuous body*. Sure *Aristotle* here transgress his *Topicks*: and if this definition

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finition be clearer, and more known than
 the thing defin'd; *midnight* may vye
 for conspicuity with *noon*. Is not *light*
 more known than this insignificant *Ener-*
gie? And what's a *diaphanous* body, but
 the *Lights medium*, the *Air*? so that *light*
 is the act of the *Air*: which *definition*
 spoils the *Riddle*; and makes it no won-
 der, a man should see by *night* as well as
 by *day*. Thus is *light* darkned by an *il-*
lustration; and the *Sun* it self is wrap'd
 up in obscuring *clouds*: As if *light* were
 best seen by *darkness*, as *light* *inaccessi-*
ble is known by *Ignorance*. If *Lux* be
Umbra Dei; this definition is *Umbra*
lucis. The Infant, that was last enlarged
 from its *maternal cels*; knows more what
light is, then this *definition* teacheth.
 Again, that motion is ἐνπλόχη τῷ ὄντι ἐν
 δυνάμει, &c. is as insignificant as the for-
 mer. By the most favourable interpreta-
 tion of that unintelligible *Entelechy*; It
 is but an *act* of a being in *power*, as it is in
power: The construing of which to any
 real meaning, is beyond the *criticisms* of
 a *Mother Tongue*; except it describes our
 modern Acts of Parliaments. Sure that
 definition

definition is not very *conspicuous*, whose *Genus* pos'd the *Devil*. The *Philosopher*, that prov'd *motion* by walking, did in that action better *define* it : And that puzzled *Candidate*, who being ask'd what a *circle* was, describ'd it by the *rotation* of his *hand* ; gave an account more satisfying. In some things we must indeed give an allowance for words of Art : But in defining obvious appearances, we are to use what is most plain and easie ; that the mind be not misled by *Amphibologies* , or ill conceived notions, into fallacious deductions. To give an account of all the insignificancies of this *Philosophy* , would be almost to transcribe it ; a task that I should never engage in, though I ow'd no account for my idle hours. 'Twill need a pardon from the Ingenious for the minutes already spent, though in a *confutation*.

CHAP. XVII.

2. *Peripatetick Philosophy is litigious; it hath no settled constant signification of words; the inconveniences hereof. Aristotle intended the cherishing Controversies: prov'd by his own double testimony. Some of his impertinent arguings derided. Disputes retard, and are injurious to knowledge. Peripateticks are most exercised in the Controversial parts of Philosophy, and know little of the practical and experimental. A touch at School-Divinity.*

THat this *Philosophy is litigious*, the very spawn of *disputations and controversies* as undecisive as needles; is the natural result of the former: Storms
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are the products of vapours. For where words are imposed arbitrarily, having no stated real meaning ; or else distorted from their common use, and known significations: the mind must needs be led into confusion and misprision ; and so things plain and easie in their naked natures, made full of *intricacy* and disputable *uncertainty*. For we cannot conclude with assurance, but from clearly apprehended *premises* ; and these cannot be so conceiv'd, but by a distinct comprehension of the words out of which they are *elemented*. So that, where they are unfixt or ambiguous ; our *propositions* must be so, and our *deductions* can be no better. One reason therefore of the uncontroverted certainty of *Mathematical Science* is ; because 'tis built upon clear and settled *significations* of *names*, which admit of no *ambiguity* or insignificant *obscurity*. But in the *Aristotelian* Philosophy it's quite otherwise : Words being here carelessly and abusively admitted, and as inconstantly retained ; it must needs come to pass, that they will be diversly apprehended by contenders,
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and so made the subject of *controversies*, that are *endless* both for *use* and *number*. And thus being at their first step out of the way to *Science*, by mistaking in *simple terms*; in the progress of their enquiries they must needs lose both themselves, and the Truth, in a *Verbal Labyrinth*. And now the entangled disputants, as Master *Hobs* ingeniously observeth, like Birds that came down the Chimney; be-take them to the false light, seldom suspecting the way they enter'd: But attempting by vain, impertinent, and coincident distinctions, to escape the absurdity that pursues them: do but weary themselves with as little success, as the silly Bird attempts the window. The mis-stated words are the original mistake; and every other essay is a new one. Now these canting contests, the usual entertainment of the *Peripatum*, are not only the accidental *vitiosities* of the *Philosophers*; but the genuine issues of the *Philosophy* it self. And *Aristotle* seems purposely to intend the cherishing of *controversal digladiations*, by his own affectation of an intricate *obscurity*. Himself

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acknowledg'd it, when he said; his *Physicks* were *publish'd*, and not *so*: And by that double advice in his *Topicks* 'tis as clear as light. In one place, he adviseth his Sectatours in disputations to be *ambiguous*: and in another, to bring forth any thing that occurs, rather then give way to their Adversary; Counsel very well becoming an Enquirer after Verity! Nor did he here advise them to any thing, but what he followeth himself, and exactly copies out in his practise. The multitudes of his lame, abrupt, equivocal, self-contradicting expressions, will evidence it as to the first part: which who considers, may be satisfied in this; that if *Aristotle* found *Nature's face* under covert of a *veil*, he hath not removed the old, but made her a *new one*. And for the latter, his frequent flightiness in arguing doth abundantly make it good. To instance, he proves the *world* to be perfect, because it consists of *bodies*; and that *bodies* are so, because they consist of a *triple dimension*; and that a *triple dimension* is perfect, because *three* are all; and that *three* are all, because when
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'tis but *one* or *two*, we can't say *all*, but when 'tis *three*, we may: Is not this an absolute *demonstration*? We can say All at the number *three*: Therefore the *world is perfect*. *Tobit* went forth and his *Dog* follow'd him; therefore there's a *world* in the *Moon*, were an argument as *Apodictical*. In another place he proves the *world* to be but *one*: For were there another, our *Earth* would fall unto it. This is a pitiful deduction, from the meer prejudice of *Sense*; and not unlike theirs, who thought, if there were *Antipodes*, they must needs [as it's said of *Erasmus*] *in Cælum descendere*. As if, were there more *worlds*, each of them would not have its proper *Centre*. Elsewhere shewing, why the *Heavens* move this way rather than another, he gives this for a reason: because they move to the more *honourable*; and *before* is more *honourable* than *after*. This is like the *Gallant*, who sent his man to buy an *Hat*, that would *turn up behind*. As if, had the *Heavens* moved the other way; that term had not been then *before*, which is now the contrary. This *Inference* is

founded upon a very weak supposition, *viz.* That those alterable respects are realities in Nature ; which will never be admitted by a considerate discerner. Thus *Aristotle* acted his own instructions; and his obsequious Sectators have super-erogated in observance. They have so disguised his *Philosophy* by obscuring *Comments*, that his revived self would not own it: And were he to act another part with mortals ; he'd be but a pitiful *Peripatetic*, every *Sophister* would out-talk him.

Now this *disputing* way of Enquiry is so far from advancing *Science* ; that 'tis no inconsiderable retarder: For in *Scientifical* discoveries many things must be consider'd, which the hurry of a dispute indisposeth for ; and there is no way to truth, but by the most clear comprehension of *simple notions*, and as wary an accuracy in *deductions*. If the Fountain be disturb'd, there's no seeing to the bottom ; and here's an exception to the Proverb, 'Tis no good fishing for Verity in troubled waters. One mistake of either *simple apprehension*, or *connexion*, makes an *erroneous conclusion*. So that the precipitancy

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cipitancy of *disputation*, and the stir and
 noise of Passions, that usually attend it;
 must needs be prejudicial to Verity: its
 calm insinuations can no more be heard
 in such a bustle, then a whisper among
 a croud of Saylor's in a storm. Nor do
 the eager clamors of contending Dispu-
 tants, yeeld any more relief to eclipsed
 Truth; then did the sounding Brass of
 old to the *labouring Moon*. When it's
 under question, 'twere as good flip *cross*
 and *pile*, as to dispute for't: and to play
 a game at *Chess* for an opinion in *Philo-*
sophy [as my self and an ingenious
 Friend have sometime sported] is as
 likely a way to determine. Thus the *Pe-*
ripatetick procedure is inept for *Philoso-*
phical solutions: The *Lot* were as equi-
 table a decision, as their empty *Loquaci-*
ties. 'Tis these nugacious *Disputations*,
 that have been the great hinderance to
 the more improveable parts of Learning:
 and the modern Retainers to the *Stagi-*
rite have spent their sweat and pains up-
 on the most litigious parts of his *Philo-*
sophy; while those, that find less play
 for the contending *Genius*, are incultivate.

Thus *Logick*, *Physicks*, *Metaphysicks*, are the burden of Volumes, and the dāyly entertainment of the *Disputing Schools*: while the more profitable doctrines of the *Heavens*, *Meteors*, *Minerals*, *Animals*; as also the more *practical* ones of *Politicks*, and *Oeconomicks*, are scarce so much as glanc'd at. And the indisputable *Mathematicks*, the only *Science* Heaven hath yet vouchsaf't Humanity; have but few Votaries among the slaves of the *Stagirite*. What, the late promoters of the *Aristotelian Philosophy*, have writ on all these so fertile subjects; can scarce compare with the single disputes about *Materia prima*.

Nor hath Humane Science monopoliz'd the damage, that hath sprung from this Root of Evils: *Theology* hath been as deep a sharer. The Volumes of the *Schoolmen*, are deplorable evidence of *Peripatetick depravations*: And *Luther's* censure of that *Divinity*, *Quam primum apparuit Theologia Scholastica, evanuit Theologia Crucis*, is neither uncharitable, nor unjust. This hath mudded the Fountain of Certainty with notional and Ethnick ad-
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mixtions; and platted the head of *Evangelical* truth, as the *Jews* did its *Author's*, with a *Crown* of *thorns*: Here, the most obvious *Verity* is subtiliz'd into niceties, and spun into a thread indiscernible by common *Opticks*, but through the *Spectacles* of the adored *Heathen*. This hath robb'd the *Christian* world of its *unity* and *peace*; and made the Church, the Stage of everlasting contentions: And while *Aristotle* is made the *Centre* of *Truth*, and *Unity*, what hope of reconciling? And yet most of these Scholastick controversies are ultimately resolv'd into the subtilties of his *Philosophy*: And me thinks an *Athenian* should not be the best guide to the *διδασκαλος*: Nor an *Idolater* to that God he neither knew nor owned. When I read the eager contests of these *Notional Theologues*, about things that are not; I cannot but think of that pair of *wise ones*, that fought for the *middle*: And me thinks many of their Controversies are such, as if *we* and our *Antipodes*, should strive who were *uppermost*; their title to *Truth* is equal. He that divided his *Text* into

one part ; did but imitate the *Schoolmen* in their *coincident distinctions* : And the best of their *curiosities* are but like paint on Glass , which intercepts and dyes the light the more desirable splendor. I cannot look upon their elaborate trifles, but with a sad reflexion on the degenerate state of our lapsed Intellectuals ; and as deep a resentment, of the mischiefs of this *School-Philosophy*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

3. It gives no account of the *Phenomena*; those that are remoter, it attempts not. It speaks nothing pertinent in the most ordinary: Its circular, and general way of Solution. It resolves all things into occult qualities. The absurdity of the *Aristotelian Hypothesis of the Heavens*. The *Gallaxy* is no meteor: the *Heavens* are corruptible. *Comets* are above the *Moon*. The *Sphear of fire* derided. *Aristotle* convicted of several other false assertions.

3. **T**He *Aristotelian Hypotheses* give a very dry and jejune account of *Nature's Phenomena*. For as to its more

more *mysterious* reserves, *Peripatetick* enquiry hath left them unattempted; and the most forward notional Dictators sit down here in a contented ignorance: and as if nothing more were knowable then is already discover'd, they put stop to all endeavours of their Solution. *Qualities*, that were *Occult* to *Aristotle*, must be so to us; and we must not *Philosophize* beyond *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*: whereas indeed the Rarities of Nature are in these Recesses, and its most excellent operations *Cryptick* to common discernment. Modern Ingenuity expects Wonders from *Magnetick* discoveries: And while we know but its more sensible ways of working; we are but vulgar *Philosophers*, and not likely to help the *World* to any considerable *Theories*. Till the *Fountains* of the great deeps are broken up; *Knowledge* is not likely to cover the *Earth* as the waters the *Sea*. Nor is the *Aristotelian Philosophy* guilty of this sloth and Philosophick penury, only in remoter abstrusities: but in solving the most ordinary causalities, it is as defective and unsatisfying. Even the

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the most common productions are here resolv'd into *Celestial influences*, *Elemental combinations*, *active* and *passive* principles, and such *generalities*; while the particular manner of them is as hidden as *sympathies*. And if we follow *manifest qualities* beyond the empty signification of their Names; we shall find them as *occult*, as those which are professedly *so*. That heavy Bodies descend by *gravity*, is no better an account then we might expect from a *Rustick*: and again, that *Gravity* is a *quality* whereby an heavy body descends, is an impertinent *Circle*, and teacheth nothing. The feigned *Central alliciency* is but a word, and the manner of it still *occult*. That the *fire* burns by a quality called *heat*; is an empty dry return to the Question, and leaves us still ignorant of the immediate way of *igneous solutions*. The accounts that this *Philosophy* gives by other *Qualities*, are of the same *Gender* with these: So that to say the *Loadstone* draws *Iron* by *magnetick attraction*, and that the *Sea* moves by *flux* and *reflux*; were as satisfying as these *Hypotheses*, and the
solution

solution were as pertinent. In the *Qualities*, this Philosophy calls *manifest*, nothing is *so* but the effects. For the heat, we feel, is but the *effect* of the *fire*; and the pressure, we are sensible of, but the effect of the descending body. And effects, whose causes are confessedly *occult*, are as much within the sphere of our Senses; and our Eyes will inform us of the motion of the Steel to its *attractant*. Thus *Peripatetick Philosophy* resolves all things into *Occult qualities*; and the *Dogmatists* are the only *Scepticks*. Even to them, that pretend so much to *Science*, the world is circumscrib'd with a *Gyges his Ring*; and is *intellectually invisible*: And, ἡ ἀπὸ τῆς ἀμείνων, will best become the mouth of a *Peripatetick*. For by their way of disquisition there can no more be truly comprehended, then what's known by every common Ignorant: But ingenious inquiry will not be contented with such vulgar *frigidities*.

But further, if we look into the *Aristotelian Comments* on the largest Volumes of the Universe: The works of the *fourth day* are there as confused and disorderly,
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as the *Chaos* of the *first* : and more like that, which was before the *light*, then the compleatly finish'd, and gloriously disposed *frame*. What a *Romance* is the story of those impossible *concamerations*, *Intersections*, *Involutions*, and feign'd *Rotations* of *Solid Orbs* ? All substituted to salve the credit of a broken ill-contrived *Systeme*. The belief of such disorders *above*, were an advantage to the *oblique Atheism* of *Epicurus* : And such Irregularities in the Celestial motions, would lend an Argument to the *Apotheosis* of *Fortune*. Had the world been coagmented from that supposed fortuitous Jumble ; this *Hypothesis* had been tolerable. But could the doctrine of *Solid Orbs*, be accommodated to *Astronomical Phenomena* ; yet to ascribe each *Sphear* an *Intelligence* to circumsolve it, were an *unphilosophical* desperate refuge : And to confine the blessed *Genii* to a Province, which was the *Hell* of *Ixion*, were to rob them of their *Felicities*. That the *Galaxy* is a *Meteor*, was the account of *Aristotle* : But the *Tele-*
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scope hath autoptically confuted it : And he, who is not *Pyrrhonian* to the disbelief of his Senses, may see ; that it's no exhalation from the Earth , but an heap of smaller *Luminaries*. That the *Heavens* are void of corruption, is *Aristotles* supposal : But the Tube hath betray'd their impurity ; and *Neoterick Astronomy* hath found spots in the *Sun*. The discoveries made in *Venus*, and the *Moon*, disprove the *Antique Quintessence* ; and evidence them of as coarse materials , as the *Globe* we belong to. The *Perspicil* , as well as the *Needle* , hath enlarged the *habitable World* ; and that the *Moon* is an *Earth*, is no improbable conjecture. The inequality of its surface, *Mountainous protuberance*, the nature of its *Macule*, and infinite other circumstances [for which the world's beholding to *Galileo*] are Items not contemptible : *Hevelius* hath graphically describ'd it : That *Comets* are of nature Terrestrial , is allowable : But that they are materiall'd of vapours , and never flamed beyond the *Moon* ; were a concession unpardonable.

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able. That in *Cassiopea* was in the *Firmament*, and another in our age above the *Sun*. Nor was there ever any as low as the highest point of the *circumference*, the *Stagyrite* allows them. So that we need not be appal'd at *Blazing Stars*, and a *Comet* is no more ground for *Astrological presages* than a *flaming Chimney*. The unparallel'd *Des-Cartes* hath unridled their dark *Physiology*, and to wonder solv'd their *Motions*. His *Philosophy* gives them trans-cursions beyond the *Vortex* we breath in; and leads them through others, which are only known in an *Hypothesis*. *Aristotle* would have fainted before he had flown half so far, as that *Eagle-wit*; and have lighted on a *hard name*, or *occult quality*, to rest him. That there is a *sphear* of fire under the concave of the *Moon*, is a dream: And this, may be, was the reason some imagin'd *Hell* there, thinking those flames the *Ignis Rotæ*. According to this *Hypothesis*, the whole *Lunar* world is a *Torrid Zone*; and on a better account, then *Aristotle* thought

thought ours was, may be supposed *inhabitable*, except they are *Salamanders* which dwell in those *fiery Regions*. That the *Reflexion* of the *Solar Rays*, is terminated in the *Clouds*; was the opinion of the *Græcian Sage*: But *Lunar* observations have convicted it of falshood; and that planet receives the *ducky* light, we discern in its *Sextile Aspect*, from the *Earth's* benignity. That the *Rainbow* never describes more than a *semicircle*, is no creditable assertion; since experimental observations have confuted it. *Gassendus* saw one at Sun-setting, whose *Supreme Arch* almost reached out *Zenith*; while the *Horns* stood in the *Oriental Tropicks*. And that Noble wit reprehends the *School-Idol*, for assigning fifty years at least between every *Lunar Iris*. That *Caucasus* enjoys the Sun-beams three parts of the *Nights Vigils*; that *Danubius* ariseth from the *Pyrenæan Hills*: That the *Earth* is higher towards the *North*: are opinions truly charged on *Aristotle* by the
Restorer

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Restorer of Epicurus; and all easily confutable falſities. To reckon all the *Aristotelian* aberrances, and to give a full account of the lameneſs of his *Hypotheſes*, would ſwell this *digreſſion* into a Volume. The mention'd ſhall ſuffice us.

CHAP. XIX.

4. *Aristotle's Philosophy inept for new discoveries*; it hath been the Author of no one invention: It's founded on vulgarities, and therefore makes nothing known beyond them. The knowledge of Natures out-side confers not to practical improvements. Better hopes from the New Philosophy. A fifth charge againſt *Aristotle's Philosophy*, it is in many things impious, and ſelf-contradicting: *Instances of both propounded.*

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The directing all this to the design of the discourse. *A Caution, viz. that nothing is here intended in favour of novelty in Divinity; the reason why we may imbrace what is new in Philosophy, while we reject them in Theologie.*

4. **T**He *Aristotelian Philosophy* is inept for New discoveries; and therefore of no accommodation to the use of life. That all Arts, and Professions are capable of maturer improvements; cannot be doubted by those, who know the least of any. And that there is an *America* of secrets, and unknown *Peru* of Nature; whose discovery would richly advance them, is more than conjecture. Now while we either sayl by the *Land* of gross and vulgar Doctrines, or direct our Enquiries, by the *Cynosure* of meer abstract notions; we are not likely to reach the Treasures on the other side the *Atlantick*: The directing of the World the way to which, is the

the noble end of true *Philosophy*. That the *Aristotelian Physiology* cannot boast it self the proper Author of any one Invention; is pręgnant evidence of its infecundous deficiency: And 'twould puzzle the Schools to point at any considerable discovery, made by the direct, sole manuduction of *Peripatetick* Principles. Most of our Rarities have been found out by *casual emergency*; and have been the works of Time, and Chance, rather than of *Philosophy*. What *Aristotle* hath of Experimental Knowledge in his Books of *Animals*, or elsewhere; is not much transcending vulgar observation: And yet what he hath of this, was never learnt from his *Hypotheses*; but forcibly fetch'd in to suffrage to them. And 'tis the observation of the Noble St. *Alban*; that that *Philosophy* is built on a few Vulgar Experiments: and if upon further enquiry; any were found to refragate, they were to be discharg'd by a *distinction*. Now what is founded on, and made up but of *Vulgarities*, cannot make known any thing beyond them. For Nature is

is set a going by the most *subtil* and *hidden* Instruments ; which it may be have nothing *obvious* which resembles them. Hence judging by visible appearances, we are discouraged by supposed *Impossibilities* which to *Nature* are none, but within her Sphere of Action. And therefore what shews only the outside, and sensible structure of *Nature* ; is not likely to help us in finding out the *Magnalia*. 'Twere next to impossible for one, who never saw the inward wheels and motions, to make a watch upon the bare view of the *Circle of hours*, and *Index* : And 'tis as difficult to trace natural operations to any practical advantage, by the sight of the *Cortex* of sensible Appearances. He were a poor *Physitian*, that had no more *Anatomy*, then were to be gather'd from the *Physnomy*. Yea, the most common *Phenomena* can be neither known, nor improved, without insight into the more *hidden* frame. For *Nature* works by an *Invisible Hand* in all things : And till *Peripateticism* can shew us further, then those gross solutions of *Qualities* and *Elements* ; 'twill never

never make us Benefactors to the World,
 nor considerable Discoverers. But its
 experienc'd sterility through so many
 hundred years, drives Hope to despera-
 tion. We expect greater things from
Neoterick endeavours. The *Cartesian*
Philosophy in this regard hath shewn
 the World the way to be happy. Me
 thinks this Age seems resolved to be-
 queath *posterity* somewhat to remember
 it : And the glorious Undertakers, where-
 with Heaven hath blest our Days, will
 leave the world better provided than
 they found it. And whereas in former
 times such generous free-spirited Wor-
 thies were, as the Rare newly observed
Stars, a single one the wonder of an
 Age : In ours they are like the lights of
 the greater size that twinkle in the *Starry*
Firmament : And this last Century can
 glory in numerous *constellations*. Should
 those *Heroes* go on, as they have happily
 begun ; they'll fill the world with won-
 ders. And I doubt not but posterity
 will find many things, that are now but
Rumors, verified into *practical Realities*. It
 may be some Ages hence, a voyage to the

Southern unknown *Tracts*, yea possibly the *Moon*, will not be more strange then one to *America*. To them, that come after us, it may be as ordinary to buy a pair of *wings* to fly into remotest *Regions*; as now a pair of *Boots* to ride a *Journey*. And to conferr at the distance of the *Indies* by *Sympathetick* conveyances, may be as usual to future times, as to us in a *litterary* correspondence. The *restauration* of gray hairs to *Juvenility*, and renewing the exhausted marrow, may at length be effected without a *miracle*: And the turning of the now comparatively *desert* world into a *Paradise*, may not improbably be expected from late *Agriculture*. Now those, that judge by the narrowness of former *Principles*, will smile at these *Paradoxical expectations*: But questionless those great *Inventions*, that have in these later Ages altered the face of all things; in their naked proposals, and meer suppositions, were to former times as *ridiculous*. To have talk'd of a *new Earth* to have been discovered, had been a *Romance* to *Antiquity*: And to say without sight of *Stars* or shoars
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by the guidance of a *Mineral*, a story more absurd, than the flight of *Dædalus*. That men should speak after their *tongues* were *ashes*, or communicate with each other in differing *Hemispheres*, before the Invention of *Letters*; could not but have been thought a *fiction*. *Antiquity* would not have believed the almost incredible force of our *Canons*; and would as coldly have entertain'd the wonders of the *Telescope*. In these we all condemn *antique incredulity*; and 'tis likely *Posterity* will have as much cause to pity *ours*. But yet notwithstanding this straightness of shallow observers, there are a set of enlarged souls that are more *judiciously credulous*: and those, who are acquainted with the fecundity of *Cartesian Principles*, and the diligent and ingenuous endeavours of so many true *Philosophers*; will despair of nothing.

5. But again, the *Aristotelian Philosophy* is in some things *impious*, and *inconsistent* with *Divinity*; and in many more *inconsistent* with it self. That the *Resurrection* is impossible; That *God*

understands not all things ; That the world was from *Eternity* ; That there's no *substantial form*, but moves some *Orb* ; That the first Mover moves by an *Eternal, Immutable Necessity* ; That, if the world and motion were not from *Eternity*, then *God* was Idle ; were all the *Affertions* of *Aristotle*, which *Theology* pronounceth impieties. Which yet we need not strange at from one, of whom a *Father* saith, *Nec Deum coluit nec curavit* : Especially, if it be as *Philoponus* affirms, that he philosophiz'd by command from the *Oracle*. Of the *Aristotelian contradictions*, *Gassendus* hath presented us with a Catalogue : We'll instance in a few of them. In one place he saith, The *Planets scintillation* is not seen, because of their *propinquity* ; but that of the *rising* and *setting Sun* is, because of its *distance* : and yet in another place he makes the *Sun* nearer us, then they are. He saith, that the *Elements* are not *Eternal*, and seeks to prove it ; and yet he makes the world so, and the *Elements* its parts. In his *Meteors* he saith, no *Dew* is produced in the *Wind* ; and yet

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yet afterwards admits it under the *South*, and none under the *North*. In one place he defines a vapour *humid* and *cold*; and in another *humid* and *hot*. He saith, the *faculty* of speaking is a *sense*; and yet before he allow'd but *five*. In one place, that Nature doth all things *best*; and in another, that it makes more *evil* than *good*. And somewhere he contradicts himself within a *line*; saying, that an *Immoveable Mover* hath no principle of *Motion*. 'Twould be tedious to mention more; and the quality of a *digression* will not allow it.

Thus we have, as briefly as the subject would bear, animadverted on the so much admired *Philosophy of Aristotle*. The nobler Spirits of the Age, are disengaged from those detected vanities: And the now Adorers of that *Philosophy* are few, but such narrow souls, that know no other; Or if any of them look beyond the leaves of their *Master*, yet they try other Principles by a Jury of his, and scan *Cartes* with *Genus* and *Species*. From the former sort I may hope, they'll pardon this attempt; and for the

the latter, I value not their censure.

Thus then we may conclude upon the whole, that the stamp of *Authority* can make *Leather* as current as *Gold*; and that there's nothing so contemptible, but *Antiquity* can render it *angust*, and *excellent*. But, because the Fooleries of some affected Novelists have discredited new discoveries, and render'd the very mention suspected of *Vanity* at least; and in points Divine, of *Herésie*: It will be necessary to add, that I intend not the former discourse, in favour of any new-broach'd conceit in *Divinity*; For I own no Opinion there, which cannot plead the prescription of above *sixteen hundred*. There's nothing I have more sadly resented, then the *phrenetick* whimsies with which our Age abounds, and therefore am not likely to Patron them. In *Theology*, I put as great a difference between our *New Lights*, and *Ancient Truths*; as between the *Sun*, and an unconcocted evanid *Meteor*. Though I confess, that in *Philosophy* I'm a *Seeker*; yet cannot believe, that a *Sceptick* in *Philosophy* must be one in *Divinity*.

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Divinity. Gospel-Light began in it *Zenith*; and, as some say the *Sun*, was created in its *Meridian* strength and lustre. But the beginnings of *Philosophy* were in a *Crepusculous obscurity*; and it's yet scarce past the *Dawn*. *Divine* Truths were most pure in their source; and *Time* could not perfect what *Eternity* began: our *Divinity*, like the Grand-father of *Humanity*, was born in the *fulness* of *time*, and in the strength of its manly vigour: But *Philosophy* and *Arts* commenced *Embryo's*, and are compleated by *Times* gradual accomplishments. And therefore, what I cannot find in the leaves of former *Inquisitours*: I seek in the *Modern* attempts of nearer *Authors*. I cannot receive *Aristotle's* Περὶ τῶν πάλαι, in so extensive an interpretation, as some would enlarge it to: And that discouraging *Maxime*, *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius*, hath little room in my estimation. Nor can I tie up my belief to the *Letter* of *Solomon*: Except *Copernicus* be in the right, there hath been something *New under the Sun*; I'm sure, later times have seen *Novelties* in the
Heavens

Heavens *above* it. I do not think, that all Science is *Tautology*: The last Ages have shewn us, what *Antiquity* never saw; no, not in a *Dream*.

C H A P. X X.

It's queried whether there be any Science in the sense of the Dogmatists: (1) We cannot know any thing to be the cause of another, but from its attending it; and this way is not infallible; declared by instances, especially from the Philosophy of Des-Cartes. All things are mixt, and 'tis difficult to assign each Cause its distinct Effect. (2) There's no demonstration but where the contrary is impossible. We can scarce conclude so of any thing: Instances of supposed impossibles which are
none.

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none. A story of a Scholar that turn'd Gipsy; and of the power of Imagination. Of one mans binding anothers thoughts; and a conjecture at the maner of its performance.

CONFIDENCE of Science is one great reason, we miss it: whereby presuming we have it every where, we seek it not where it is; and therefore fall short of the object of our Enquiry. Now to give further check to *Dogmatical* pretensions, and to discover the vanity of assuming *Ignorance*; we'll make a short enquiry, whether there be any such thing as *Science* in the sense of its Assertours. In their notion then, it is the knowledge of things in their *true, immediate, necessary* causes: Upon which I'll advance the following Observations.

1. All Knowledge of Causes is *deductive*: for we know none by simple intuition; but through the mediation of its effects. Now we cannot conclude, any thing to be the cause of another; but

but from its continual accompanying it : for the *causality* it self is *insensible*. Thus we gather fire to be the cause of heat, and the Sun of day-light : because where ever fire is, we find there's heat ; and where ever the Sun is, Light attends it, and *è contrà*. But now to argue from a concomitancy to a causality, is not infallibly conclusive: Yea in this way lies notorious delusion. Is't not possible, and how know we the contrary, but, that something, which alway attends the grosser flame, may be the cause of *heat* ? and may not it, and its supposed cause, be only *parallel* effects ? Suppose the *fire* had ne're appear'd, but had been still hid in *smoke* ; and that *heat* did alway proportionably encrease and diminish, with the greater or less quantity of that fuliginous exhalation : should we ever have doubted, that *smoke* was the cause on't ? Suppose we had never seen more *Sun*, then in a cloudy day, and that the lesser lights had ne're shewn us their lucid substance ; Let us suppose the *day* had alway broke with a *wind*, and had proportionably varied, as that did : Had
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not he been a notorious *Sceptick*, that should question the causality? But we need not be beholding to such remote suppositions: The French *Philosophy* furnishes us with a better instance. For, according to the Principles of the illustrious *Des-Cartes*, there would be light, though the Sun and Stars gave none; and a great part of what we now enjoy, is independent on their beams. Now if this seemingly prodigious *Paradox*, can be reconcil'd to the least probability of conjecture, or may it be made but a tolerable supposal; I presume, it may then win those that are of most difficult belief, readily to yeeld; that causes in our account the most palpable, may possibly be but *uninfluential attendants*; since that there is not an instance can be given, wherein we opinion a more certain *efficiency*. So then, according to the tenour of that concinnous *Hypothesis*, light being caused by the *Conamen* of the Matter of the *Vortex*, to recede from the Centre of its Motion: it is easily deducible, that were there none of that fluid *Aether*, which makes the body of the Sun in the
Centre

Centre of our world, or should it cease from action; yet the *conatus* of the circling matter would not be considerably less, but according to the indispensable Laws of Motion, must press the Organs of Sense as now, though it may be not with so smart an impulse. Thus we see, how there might be *Light* before the *Luminaries*; and *Evening* and *Morning* before there was a *Sun*. So then we cannot infallibly assure our selves of the truth of the *causes*, that most obviously occur; and therefore the foundation of *scientific*al procedure, is too weak for so magnificent a superstructure. Besides, That the World's a mass of *heterogeneous* subsistencies, and every part thereof a coalition of distinguishable varieties; we need not go far for evidence: And that all things are mixed, and Causes blended by mutual involutions; I presume, to the Intelligent will be no difficult concession. Now to profound to the bottom of these *diversities*, to assign each cause its distinct effects, and to limit them by their *just* and *true* proportions; are necessary requisites of *Science*: and
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he that hath compass'd them, may boast he hath out-done *humanity*. But for us to talk of *Knowledge*, from those few indistinct representations, which are made to our grosser faculties, is a *flatulent vanity*.

2. We hold no *demonstration* in the notion of the Dogmatist, but where the contrary is *impossible*: For *necessary* is that, which cannot be otherwise. Now, whether the acquisitions of any on this side perfection, can make good the pretensions to so high strain'd an *infallibility*, will be worth a reflexion. And, me thinks, did we but compare the miserable scantness of our capacities, with the vast profundity of things; both truth and modesty would teach us a *dialect*, more becoming short-sighted mortality. Can nothing be otherwise, which we conceive *impossible*, to be so? Is our knowledge, and things, so adequately commensurate, as to justify the affirming, that that cannot be, which we comprehend not? Our demonstrations are levy'd upon Principles of our own, not universal Nature: And, as my Lord *Bacon* notes, we judge from the *Analogy* of our selves,

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not the *Universe*. Now are not many things certain by the *Principles* of one, which are impossible to the apprehensions of another? Thus some things our Juvenile reasons tenaciously adhere to; which yet our maturer Judgements disallow of: many things to meer sensible discerners are *impossible*, which to the enlarged principles of more advanced *Intellects* are easie verities: Yea, that's absurd in one *Philosophy*, which is a worthy Truth in another; and that's a demonstration to *Aristotle*, which is none to *Des-Cartes*. That every fixt *star* is a *Sun*; and that they are as distant from each other, as we from some of them; That the *Sun*, which lights us, is in the *Centre* of our *World*, and our *Earth* a *Planet* that wheels about it; That this *Globe* is a *Star*, only crufted over with the groffer Element, and that its *Centre* is of the same nature with *the Sun*; That it may recover its *light* again, and shine amidst the other *Luminaries*; That our *Sun* may be swallow'd up of another, and become a *Planet*: All these, if we judge by common Principles or the
Rules

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Rules of *Vulgar Philosophy*, are prodigious *Impossibilities*, and their contradictories, as good as *demonstrable*: But yet to a reason inform'd by *Cartesianism*; these have their probability. Thus, it may be, the grossest absurdities to the Philosophies of *Europe*, may be justifiable assertions to that of *China*: And 'tis not unlikely, but what's impossible to all *Humanity*, may be possible in the *Metaphysicks*, and *Physiologie* of Angels. Now the best Principles, excepting *Divine*, and *Mathematical*, are but *Hypotheses*; within the Circle of which we may indeed conclude many things, with security from Error: But yet the greatest certainty, advanc'd from supposal, is still but *Hypothetical*. So that we may affirm, things are thus and thus, according to the *Principles* we have espoused: But we strangely forget our selves, when we plead a necessity of their being so in *Nature*, and an Impossibility of their being otherwise.

That one man should be able to bind the thoughts of another, and determine them to their particular objects; will

be reckon'd in the first rank of *Impossibles* : Yet by the power of advanc'd *Imagination* it may very probably be effected ; and *story* abounds with Instances. I'll trouble the Reader but with one ; and the hands from which I had it, make me secure of the truth on't. There was very lately a Lad in the *University* of *Oxford*, who being of very pregnant and ready parts, and yet wanting the encouragement of preferment ; was by his poverty forc'd to leave his studies there, and to cast himself upon the wide world for a livelyhood. Now, his necessities growing dayly on him, and wanting the help of friends to relieve him ; he was at last forced to joyn himself to a company of *Vagabond Gypsies*, whom occasionally he met with, and to follow their Trade for a maintenance. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love, and esteem ; as that they discover'd to him their *Mystery* : in the practice of which, by the pregnancy of his wit and parts he soon grew so good a proficient, as to be able to out-do his
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his Instructors. After he had been a pretty while well exercis'd in the Trade; there chanc'd to ride by a couple of *Scholars* who had formerly bin of his acquaintance. The *Scholars* had quickly spyed out their old friend, among the *Gypsies*; and their amazement to see him among such society, had well-nigh discover'd him: but by a sign he prevented their owning him before that Crew: and taking one of them aside privately, desired him with his friend to go to an *Inn*, not far distant thence, promising there to come to them. They accordingly went thither, and he follows: after their first salutations, his friends enquire how he came to lead so odd a life as that was, and to joyn himself with such a *cheating beggerly* company. The *Scholar-Gypsy* having given them an account of the necessity, which drove him to that kind of life; told them, that the people he went with were not such *Impostours* as they were taken for, but that they had a *traditional* kind of *learning* among them, and could do wonders by the power of *Imagination*, and that himself had learnt much of their Art, and

improved it further than themselves could. And to evince the truth of what he told them, he said, he'd remove into another room, leaving them to discourse together; and upon his return tell them the sum of what they had talked of: which accordingly he perform'd, giving them a full account of what had pass'd between them in his absence. The *Scholars* being amaz'd at so unexpected a discovery, earnestly desir'd him to unriddle the *mystery*. In which he gave them satisfaction, by telling them, that what he did was by the power of *Imagination*, his Phancy *binding* theirs; and that himself had dictated to them the discourse, they held together, while he was from them: That there were warrantable wayes of heightening the *Imagination* to that pitch, as to bind anothers; and that when he had compass'd the whole *secret*, some parts of which he said he was yet ignorant of, he intended to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned.

Now that this strange power of the *Imagination* is no *Impossibility*; the wonderful

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wonderful *signatures* in the *Fœtus* caus'd by the Imagination of the Mother, is no contemptible Item. The *sympathies* of laughing & gaping together, are resolv'd into this Principle : and I see not why the *phancy* of one man may not determine the cogitation of another rightly qualified, as easily as his *bodily motion*. This influence seems to be no more unreasonable, then that of one *string* of a Lute upon another ; when a *stroke* on it causeth a proportionable motion in the *sympathizing* consort, which is distant from it and not sensibly touched. Now if this notion be strictly verifiable ; 'twill yeeld us a good account how *Angels* inject thoughts into our minds, and know our cogitations : and here we may see the source of some kinds of *fascination*. If we are prejudic'd against the *speculation*, because we cannot conceive the manner of so strange an operation ; we shall indeed receive no help from the common *Philosophy* : But yet the *Hypothesis* of a *Mundane* soul, lately reviv'd by that incomparable *Platonist* and *Cartesian*, Dr. H. More, will handsomly

relieve us. Or if any would rather have a *Mechanical* account; I think it may probably be made out some such way as follows. *Imagination* is inward Sense. To *Sense* is required a motion of certain *Filaments* of the Brain; and consequently in *Imagination* there's the like: they only differing in this, that the motion of the one proceeds immediately from external objects; but that of the other hath its immediate rise within us. Now then, when any part of the Brain is strongly agitated; that, which is next and most capable to receive the *motive* Impress, must in like manner be moved. Now we cannot conceive any thing more capable of motion, then the *fluid* matter, that's interspers'd among all bodies, and contiguous to them. So then, the agitated parts of the Brain begetting a *motion* in the proxime *Aether*; it is propagated through the liquid *medium*, as we see the motion is which is caus'd by a stone thrown into the water. Now, when the thus moved *matter* meets with any thing like that, from which it received its primary *impress*; it will proportionably
move

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move it, as it is in *Musical strings* tuned *Unisons*. And thus the motion being convey'd, from the *Brain* of one man to the *Phancy* of another ; it is there receiv'd from the instrument of conveyance, the *subtil* matter ; and the same kind of *strings* being moved , and much what after the same manner as in the first *Imaginant* ; the *Soul* is awaken'd to the same apprehensions, as were they that caus'd them. I pretend not to any exactness or infallibility in this account, fore-seeing many scruples that must be removed to make it perfect : 'Tis only an hint of the *possibility* of mechanically solving the *Phanomenon* ; though very likely it may require many other circumstances completely to make it out. But 'tis not my business here to follow it : I leave it therefore to receive accomplishment from maturer Inventions.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Another instance of a supposed Impossibility which may not be so. Of conference at distance by impregnated Needles. A way of secret conveyance by sympathized hands ; a relation to this purpose. Of the magnetick cure of wounds. This discourse weakens not the certainty of truths Mathematical or Divine. Mathematical Science need not elate us, since by it we know but our own creatures, and are still ignorant of our Makers. (3) We cannot know any thing in Nature, without the knowledge of the first springs of natural motions, and these we are ignorant of. Des-Cartes his Philosophy commended.

BUt yet to advance another instance. That men should confer at very distant removes by an *extemporary* intercourse

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course is a reputed *'impossibility*, but yet there are some hints in natural operations that give us probability that 'tis feasible, and may be compast without unwarrantable assistance from *Damoniack* correspondence. That a couple of *Needles* equally toucht by the same *magnet*, being set in two *Dyals* exactly proportion'd to each other, and circumscribed by the Letters of the *Alphabet*, may effect this *magnale*, hath considerable authorities to avouch it. The manner of it is thus represented. Let the friends that would communicate take each a *Dyal*: and having appointed a time for their *Sympathetick* conference; let one move his impregnate *Needle* to any letter in the *Alphabet*, and its affected fellow will precisely respect the same. So that would I know what my friend would acquaint me with; 'tis but observing the letters that are pointed at by my *Needle*, and in their order transcribing them from their *sympathized Index*, as its motion direct's: and I may be assured that my friend described the same with his: and that the words on my paper, are of his inditing.

inditing. Now though there will be some ill contrivance in a circumstance of this invention, in that the thus *impregnate Needles* will not move to, but avert from each other (as ingenious Dr. *Browne* in his *Pseudodoxia Epidemica* hath observed:) yet this cannot prejudice the main design of this way of secret conveyance: Since 'tis but reading counter to the *magnetick* informer; and noting the letter which is most distant in the *Abecedarian circle* from that which the needle turns to, and the case is not alter'd. Now though this desirable effect possibly may not yet answer the expectation of inquisitive *experiment*; yet 'tis no despicable item, that by some other such way of *magnetick efficiency*, it may hereafter with success be attempted, when *Magical History* shall be enlarged by riper inspections: and 'tis not unlikely, but that present discoveries might be improved to the performance.

There is besides this another way, which is said to have advanced the *secret* beyond *speculation*, and compleated it in *practice*. That some have conferr'd at distance

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distance by *sympathized* hands, and in a moment have thus transmitted their thoughts to each other, there are late specious relations do attest it: which say, that the hands of two friends being *sympathized* by a transferring of *flesh* from one into the other, and the place of the *letters* mutually agreed on; the least prick in the hand of one, the other will be sensible of, and that in the same part of his own. And thus the distant friend by a new kind of *Chiro-mancy* may read in his own hand what his correspondent had set down in his. For instance, would I in *London* acquaint my intimate in *Paris*, that *I am well*: I would then prick that part where I had appointed the letter [*I*:] and doing so in another place to signify that word was done, proceed to [*A*,] thence to [*M*] and so on, till I had finish't what I intended to make known. Now that there have been some such practices, I have had a considerable relation, which I hold not impertinent to insert. A Gentleman comes to a *Chirurgion* to have his arm cut off: The Surgeon perceiving
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nothing that it ailed, was much startled at the motion; thinking him either in jest, or *besides himself*. But by a more deliberate recollection, perceiving that he was both sober, and in earnest; entreats him to know the reason of so strange a desire, since his arm to him seem'd perfectly sound: to which the Gentleman replies, that his hand was *sympathiz'd*, and his friend was *dead*, so that if not prevented by *amputation*, he said, it would rot away, as did that of his deceased *Correspondent*. Nor was this an unreasonable surmise; but, if there be any such way of manual *Sympathizing*, a very probable conjecture. For, that which was so sensibly affected with so inconsiderable a touch, in all likelihood would be more immuted, by those greater alterations which are in *Cadaverous Solutions*. And no doubt, but that by the same reason it would have been corrupted, as some times *Warts* are by the decay of *buried lard* that was rubb'd upon them. Now if these wayes of secret conveyance may be made out to be really practicable; yea, if it be evincible, that they are as much

much as possibly so, it will be a warrantable presumption of the verity of the former instance : since tis as easily conceivable, that there should be communications between the *phancies* of men, as either the *impregnate needles*, or *sympathized hands*. And there is an instance yet behinde, which is more creditable than either, and gives probability to them all.

That there is a *Magnetick* way of curing *wounds* by anointing the *weapon*, and that the wound is affected in like manner as is the *extravenate blood* by the *Sympathetick medicine*, is for matter of fact put out of doubt by the Noble Sir K. Digby, and the proof he gives in his ingenious discourse on the subject, is unexceptionable. For the reason of this *wonder*, he attempts it by *Mechanism*, and endeavours to make it out by *atomical aporrheas*, which passing from the *cruentate* cloth or weapon to the wound, and being incorporated with the *particles* of the *salve* carry them in their embraces to the affected part : where the *medicinal atomes* entering together with the
efflu-

effluvioms of the blood, do by their subtle insinuation better effect the cure, then can be done by any grosser Application. The particular way of their conveyance, and their regular direction is handsomely explicated by that learned *Knight*, and recommended to the Ingenious by most witty and becoming illustrations. It is out of my way here to enquire whether the *Anima Mundi* be not a better account, then any *Mechanical* Solutions. The former is more desperate, the later hath more of ingenuity, then solid satisfaction. It is enough for me that *de facto* there is such an intercourse between the *Magnetick unguent* and the *vulnerated* body, and I need not be solicitous of the Cause. These *theories* I presume will not be importunate to the ingenious: and therefore I have taken the liberty (which the quality of an Essay will well enough allow of) to touch upon them, though seemingly collateral to my scope. And yet I think, they are but seemingly so, since they do pertinently illustrate my design, *viz.* That what seems *impossible* to us, may not be so

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so in *Nature* ; and therefore the *Dogmatist* wants this to compleat his demonstration, that *'tis impossible to be otherwise*.

Now I intend not by any thing here to invalidate the certainty of truths either *Mathematical* or *Divine*. These are superstructed on principles that cannot fail us, except our faculties do constantly abuse us. Our *religious foundations* are fastned at the pillars of the *intellectual* world, and the grand *Articles* of our Belief as demonstrable as *Geometry*. Nor will ever either the subtile attempts of the resolved *Atheist* ; or the passionate Hurricanoes of the *phrentick Enthusiast*, any more be able to prevail against the *reason* our *Faith* is built on, than the blustering *windes* to blow out the *Sun*. And for *Mathematical Sciences*, he that doubts their certainty, hath need of a dose of *Hellebore*. Nor yet can the *Dogmatist* make much of these concessions in favour of his pretended *Science* ; for our discourse comes not within the circle of the former : and for the later, the knowledge we have of the *Mathem-*

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ticks, hath no reason to elate us ; since by them we know but *numbers*, and *figures*, creatures of our own, and are yet ignorant of our *Maker's*.

(3.) We cannot know any thing of *Nature* but by an *Analysis* of it to its *true initial causes* : and till we know the first springs of natural motions, we are still but ignorants. These are the *Alphabet* of Science ; and *Nature* cannot be read without them. Now who dares pretend to have seen the *prime motive causes*, or to have had a view of *Nature*, while she lay in her *simple Originals* ? we know nothing but *effects*, and those but by our Senses. Nor can we judge of their *Causes*, but by proportion to palpable causalities conceiving them like those within the sensible *Horizon*. Now 'tis no doubt with the considerate, but that the *rudiments* of *Nature* are very unlike the grosser *appearances*. Thus in things obvious, there's but little resemblance between the *Mucous sperm*, and the compleated *Animal*. The *Egge* is not like the *oviparous* production : nor the corrupted *muck* like the *creature* that creeps from

from it. There's but little similitude betwixt a *terreous humidity*, and *plantal germinations*; nor do *vegetable* derivations ordinarily resemble their *simple seminalities*. So then, since there's so much dissimilitude between *Cause* and *Effect* in the more palpable *Phenomena*, we can expect no less between them, and their *invisible* efficientes. Now had our Senses never presented us with those obvious *seminal* principles of apparent generations, we should never have suspected that a *plant* or *animal* could have proceeded from such unlikely *materials*: much less, can we conceive or determine the uncompounded *initials* of natural productions, in the total silence of our Senses. And though the Grand Secretary of Nature, the miraculous *Des-Cartes* have here infinitely out-done all the Philosophers went before him, in giving a particular and *Analytical* account of the *Universal Fabrick*: yet he intends his Principles but for *Hypotheses*, and never pretends that things are really or necessarily, as he hath supposed them: but that they may be admitted pertinently

to solve the *Phænomena*, and are convenient supposals for the *use of life*. Nor can any further account be expected from humanity, but how things possibly *may have been made* consonantly to sensible nature: but infallibly to determine, how *they truly were effected*, is proper to him only that saw them in the *Chaos*, and fashion'd them out of that confused *mass*. For to say, the *principles* of Nature must needs be such as our *Philosophy* makes them, is to set bounds to *Omnipotence*, and to confine *infinite* power and *wisdom* to our shallow *models*.

C H A P.

CHAP. XXII.

(4) *Because of the mutual dependence and concatenation of Causes, we cannot know any one without knowing all. Particularly declared by instances.* (5) *All our Science comes in at our Senses; their infallibility inquir'd into. The Authors design in this last particular.*

(4). **A**Ccording to the notion of the *Dogmatist*, we *know nothing*, except we *knew all things*, and he that pretends to *Science* affects an *Omniscience*. For all things being linkt together by an uninterrupted *chain* of *Causes*; and every single motion owning a dependence on such a *Syndrome* of præ-required *motors*: we can have no true knowledge of any, except we comprehended all, and

could distinctly pry into the whole *method* of *Causal Concatenations*. Thus we cannot *know* the cause of any one *motion* in a *watch*, unless we were acquainted with all its motive dependences, and had a distinctive comprehension of the whole *Mechanical* frame. And would we *know* but the most contemptible *plant* that grows, almost all things that have a being must contribute to our *knowledge*: for, that to the perfect *Science* of any thing it's necessary to know all its *causes*; is both reasonable in its self, and the sense of the *Dogmatist*. So that, to the knowledge of the poorest *simple*, we must first know its *efficient*, the *manner*, and *method* of its *efformation*, and the nature of the *Plastick*. To the comprehending of which, we must have a full prospect into the whole *Archidoxis* of Nature's secrets, and the immense profundities of *occult* Philosophy: in which we know nothing till we compleatly ken all *Magnetick*, and *Sympathetick* energies, and their most hidden causes. And (2) if we contemplate a *vegetable* in its *material* principle, and
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look on it as made of *earth*; we must have the true Theory of the nature of that Element, or we miserably fail of our *Scientifical* aspirings, and while we can only say, 'tis *cold* and *dry*, we are pitiful *knowers*.

But now, to profound into the *Physicks* of this heterogeneous masse, to discern the principles of its constitution, and to discover the reason of its diversities, are absolute requisites of the *Science* we aim at. Nor can we tolerably pretend to have those without the knowledge of *Minerals*, the *causes* and *manner* of their Concretions, and among the rest, the *Magnet*, with its amazing properties. This directs us to the *pole*, and thence our disquisition is led to the whole *systeme* of the *Heavens*: to the knowledge of which, we must know their *motions*, and the *causes*, and *manner* of their *rotations*, as also the reasons of all the *Planetary Phenomena*, and of the *Comets*, their *nature*, and the *causes* of all their *irregular appearings*. To these, the knowledge of the intricate doctrine of *motion*, the *powers*, *proportions*, and *laws* thereof,

thereof, is requisite. And thus we are engaged in the objects of *Geometry* and *Arithmetick*, yea the whole *Mathematics*, must be contributory, and to them all *Nature* payes a subsidy. Besides, *plants* are partly material'd of *water*, with which they are furnish'd either from *subterranean* Fountains, or the *Clouds*. Now to have the true Theory of the former, we must trace the nature of the *Sea*, its origen; and hereto its remarkable *motions* of *flux* and *reflux*. This again directs us to the *Moon*, and the rest of the *Celestial faces*. The moisture that comes from the *Clouds* is drawn up in *vapours*: To the Scientificall discernment of which, we must know the *nature* and *manner* of that action, their suspense in the *middle region*, the *qualities* of that *place*, and the *causes* and *manner* of their precipitating thence again: and so the reason of the *Spherical* figure of the *drops*; the *causes* of *Winds*, *Hail*, *Snow*, *Thunder*, *Lightning*, with all other igneous appearances, with the whole *Physiology* of *Meteors* must be enquired into. And again (3) in our disquisition

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disquisition into the *formal Causes*, the knowledge of the nature of *colours*, is necessary to compleat the Science. To be inform'd of this, we must know what *light* is; and *light* being effected by a motion on the Organs of *sense*, 'twill be a necessary requisite, to understand the nature of our *sensitive* faculties, and to them the essence of the *soul*, and other spiritual subsistences. The manner how it is *materially* united, and how it is aware of corporeal *motion*. The seat of *sense*, and the place where 'tis *principally* affected: which cannot be known but by the *Anatomy* of our parts, and the knowledge of their Mechanical structure. And if further (4) we contemplate the *end* of this minute effect, its principal *final Cause*, being the glory of its Maker, leads us into *Divinity*; and for its subordinate, as 'tis design'd for *alimental* sustenance to living creatures, and *medicinal* uses to man, we are conducted into *Zoography*, and the whole body of *Physick*. Thus then, to the *knowledge* of the most contemptible *effect* in nature, 'tis necessary to know the whole

Syntax

Syntax of Causes, and their particular *circumstances*, and *modes* of action. Nay, we *know nothing*, till we *know our selves*, which are the summary of all the world without us, and the *Index* of the Creation. Nor can we know our selves without the *Physiology* of corporeal Nature, and the *Metaphysicks* of Souls and Angels. So then, every Science borrows from all the rest; and we cannot attain any single one, without the *Encyclopady*.

(5) The *knowledge* we have comes from our *senses*, and the *Dogmatist* can go no higher for the original of his certainty. Now let the *Sciolist* tell me, why things must needs be *so*, as his individual *senses* represent them? Is he sure, that objects are not otherwise *sensed* by others, then they are by him? and why must his sense be the infallible *Criterion*? It may be, what is *white* to us, is *black* to *Negroes*, and our *Angels* to them are *Fiends*. Diversity of *constitution*, or other circumstances varies the *sensation*, and to them of *Fava* Pepper is *cold*. And though we agree in a com-
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mon name, yet it may be, I have the same representation from *yellow*, that another hath from *green*. Thus two look upon an *Alabaster* Statue; he call's it *white*, and I assent to the appellation: but how can I discover, that his inward *sense* on't is the same that *mine* is? It may be, *Alabaster* is represented to him, as *jet* is to me, and yet it is *white* to us both. We accord in the *name*: but it's beyond our knowledge, whether we do so in the *conception* answering it. Yea, the contrary is not without its probability. For though the *Images*, *Motions*, or whatever else is the cause of *sense*, may be alike as from the object; yet may the representations be varied according to the nature and quality of the Recipient. That's one thing to us looking through a *tube*, which is another to our naked *eyes*. The same things seem otherwise through a *green* glass, then they do through a *red*. Thus objects have a different appearance, when the *eye* is violently any way *distorted*, from that they have, when our Organs are in their proper *site* and *figure*, and some extraordinary

dinary alterations in the Brain duplicate that which is but a single object to our undistemper'd *Sentient*. Thus, that's of one *colour* to us standing in *one place*, which hath a contrary aspect in *another*: as in those versatile representations in the neck of a *Dove*, and folds of *Scarlet*. And as great diversity might have been exemplified in the other *senses*, but for brevity I omit them. Now then, since so many various circumstances concur to every *individual* constitution, and every mans *senses*, differing as much from others in its *figure, colour, site*, and infinite other *particularities* in the *Organization*, as any one mans can from it self, through diverse *accidental* variations: it cannot well be suppos'd otherwise, but that the *conceptions* convey'd by them must be as *diverse*. Thus, one mans *eyes* are more *protuberant*, and swelling out; anothers more *sunk* and *depressed*. One mans *bright*, and sparkling, and as it were swimming in a *subtile*, lucid moisture; anothers more *dull* and heavy, and destitute of that *spirituous* humidity. The *colour* of mens *eyes* is various,

various, nor is there less diversity in their *quantitative proportions*. And if we look further into the more *inward* constitution, there's more variety in the internal *configurations*, than in the *visible* out-side. For let us consider the different qualities of the *Optick* nerves, *humors*, *tunics*, and spirits; the divers *figurings* of the brain; the *strings*, or *filaments* thereof; their difference in tenuity and aptness for motion: and as many other circumstances, as there are individuals in *humane nature*; all these are diversified according to the difference of each *Cra-*
sis, and are as unlike, as our *faces*. From these diversities in all likelihood will arise as much difference in the manner of the reception of the *Images*, and consequently as various *sensations*. So then, how objects are represented to my *self*; I cannot be ignorant, being conscious to mine own *cogitations*; but in what manner they are received, and what impressions they make upon the so differing *organs* of another, he only *knows*, that *feels* them. There is an obvious and easie objection, which I have sufficiently
 caveated

caveated against ; and with the confederate it will signifie no more then the inadvertency of the Objectors. 'Twill be thought by slight discerners a ridiculous *Paradox*, that all men should not conceive of the objects of *sense* alike ; since their agreement in the *appellation* seems so strong an argument of the identity of the *sentiment*. All, for instance, say, that Snow is *white*, and that Jet is *black*, is doubted by none. But yet 'tis more then any man can determine, whether his *conceit* of what he calls *white*, be the same with anothers ; or whether, the notion he hath of one *colour* be not the same another hath of a very *diverse* one. So then, to direct all against the *knowing Ignorant*, what he hath of sensible evidence, the very ground-work of his *demonstration*, is but the knowledge of his own *resentment* : but how the same things appear to others, they only *know*, that are *conscious* to them ; and how they are in *themselves*, only he that *made* them.

Thus have I in this last particular play'd with the *Dogmatist* in a personated *Scepticism* :

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Scepticism: and would not have the design of the whole *discourse* measur'd by the seeming tendency of this part on't. The *Sciolist* may here see, that what he counts of all things most absurd and irrational, hath yet considerable shew of probability to plead its cause, and it may be more then some of his presumed *demonstrations*. 'Tis irreprehensible in *Physitians* to cure their Patient of one disease, by casting him into another, less desperate. And I hope, I shall not deserve the frown of the Ingenuous for my innocent intentions; having in this only imitated the practice of bending a *crook-ed* stick as much the other way, to straighten it. And if by this verge to the other extream, I can bring the *opinionative Confident* but half the way, *viz.* that discreet modest æquipoize of Judgement, that becomes the sons of *Adam*; I have compass't what I aim at.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

Considerations against Dogmatizing.

(1) 'Tis the effect of Ignorance.

(2) It inhabits with untamed passions, and an ungovern'd Spirit.

(3) It is the great Disturber of the world. (4) It is ill manners, and immodesty. (5) It holds men captive in Error. (6) It betrays a narrowness of spirit.

I Expect but little success of all this upon the *Dogmatist*, his opinion'd assurance is paramount to Argument, and 'tis almost as casie to reason him out of a *Feaver*, as out of this *disease* of the mind, I hope for better fruit from the more generous *vertuoso's*, to such I appeal against *Dogmatizing*, in the following considerations; that's well spent upon
impartial

impartial ingenuity, which is lost upon resolved prejudice.

I. *Opinionative confidence* is the effect of *Ignorance*, and were the *Sciolist* persuaded so, I might spare my further reasons against it: 'tis affectation of *knowledge*, that makes him confident he hath it, and his confidence is counter evidence to his pretensions to *knowledge*. He is the greatest *ignorant*, that knows not that he is so: for 'tis a good degree of *Science*, to be sensible that we want it. He that knows most of himself, knows least of his knowledge, and the exercised understanding is conscious of its disability. Now he that is so, will not lean too assuredly on that, which hath so frequently deceived him, nor build the *Castle* of his intellectual security, in the *Air of Opinions*. But for the shallow passive intellects, that were never engag'd in a through search of verity, 'tis such are the *confidents* that engage their irrepealable assents to every slight appearance. Thus meet sensible conceivers, make every thing they hold a *Sacrament*, and the silly vulgar are sure of all things. There was no Theo-

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reme in the *Mathematicks* more certain to *Archimedes*, then the *Earth's* immovable *quiescence* seems to the multitude: nor then did the impossibility of *Antipodes*, to antique ages. And if great *Philosophers* doubt of many things, which popular dijudicants hold as certain as their *Creeds*, I suppose *Ignorance* it self will not say, it is because they are more ignorant. Superficial pedants will swear their controversial uncertainties, while wiser heads stand *in bivio*. Opinions are the *Rattles* of immature intellects, but the advanced Reasons have out-grown them. True knowledge is modest and wary, 'tis ignorance that is so bold, and presuming. Thus those that never travail'd without the *Horizon*, that first terminated their Infant aspects, will not be perswaded that the world hath any Countrey better then their own: while they that have had a view of other Regions, are not so confidently perswaded of the precedency of that, they were bred in, but speak more indifferently of the laws, manners, commodities, and customs of their native soil: So they
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that never peep't beyond the common belief in which their easie understandings were at first indoctrinated, are indubitably assur'd of the Truth, and comparative excellency of their receptions, while the larger Souls, that have travail'd the divers *Climates of Opinions*, are more cautious in their *resolves*, and more sparing to determine. And let the most confirm'd *Dogmatist* profound far into his indeared opinions, and I'll warrant him 'twill be an effectual cure of *confidence*!

(2) *Confidence in Opinions* evermore dwells with untamed *passions*, and is maintain'd upon the depraved *obstinacy* of an ungovern'd *spirit*. He's but a novice in the Art of *Autocracy*, that cannot castigate his *passions* in reference to those *presumptions*, and will come as far short of *wisdom* as *science*; for the Judgement being the *Hegemonical* power, and director of action, if it be led by the *over-bearings* of *passion*, and stor'd with *lubricous opinions* in stead of clearly conceived *truths*, and be peremptorily resolved in them, the *practice* will be as irregular, as the *conceptions* erroneous,

neous. *Opinions* hold the stirrup, while *vice* mounts into the saddle.

(3) *Dogmatizing* is the great disturber both of our *selves* and the *world* without us : for while we wed an *opinion*, we resolutely ingage against every one, that opposeth it. Thus *every man*, being in some of his *opinionative* apprehensions singular, must be at variance with *all men*. Now every opposition of our espous'd opinions furrows the *sea* within us, and discomposeth the minds *serenity*. And what happiness is there in a *storm* of passions? On this account the *Scepticks* affected an indifferent æquipondious *neutrality* as the only means to their *Ataraxia*, and freedom from *passionate* disturbances. Nor were they altogether mistaken in the way, to their design'd felicity, but came *short* on't, by going *beyond* it : for if there be a repose naturally attainable this side the *Stars*, there is no way we can more hopefully seek it in. We can never be at rest, while our quiet can be taken from us by every thwarting our opinions : nor is that content an happiness, which every one can
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rob us of. There is no *felicity*, but in a *fixed stability*. Nor can genuine *constancy* be built upon *rowling* foundations. 'Tis true staidness of mind, to look with an equal regard on all things, and this unmoved *apathy* in opinionative uncertainties, is a warrantable piece of *Stoicism*. Besides, this *immodest obstinacy* in opinions, hath made the world a *Babel*; and given birth to disorders, like those of the *Chaos*. The primitive fight of *Elements* doth fitly embleme that of *Opinions*, and those *proverbial contrarieties* may be reconcil'd, as soon as peremptory contenders. That hence grow *Schisms*, *Heresies*, and *anomalies* beyond *Arithmetick*, I could wish were of more difficult probation. 'Twere happy for a distemper'd *Church*, if evidence were not so near us. 'Tis zeal for *opinions* that hath fill'd our *Hemisphear* with smoke and darkness, and by a dear experience we know the fury of those *flames* it hath kindled. Had not Heaven prevented, they had turn'd our *Paradise* into a *Desert*, and made us the habitation of *Jim*, and *Ohim*. 'Tis lamentable that

Homo homini Demon, should be a Proverb among the Professors of the Cross, and yet I fear it is as verifiable among them, as of those without the pale of visible Christianity. I doubt we have lost S. John's sign of regeneration. By this we know that we are past from death, to life, that we love one another, is I fear, to few a sign of their spiritual resurrection. If our Returning Lord, shall scarce find faith on earth, where will he look for charity? It is a stranger this side the Region of love, and blessedness; bitter zeal for opinions hath consum'd it. Mutual agreement and indearments was the badge of Primitive Believers, but we may be known by the contrary criterion. The union of a Sect within it self, is a pitiful charity: it's no concord of Christians, but a conspiracy against Christ; and they that love one another, for their opinionative concurrences, love for their own sakes, not their Lords: not because they have his image, but because they bear one anothers. What a stir is there for Mint, Anise, and Cummin controversies, while the great practical

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cal *fundamentals* are unstudyed, unobserved? What eagerness in the prosecution of *disciplinarian* uncertainties, when the *love* of God and our *neighbour*, those Evangelical *unquestionables*, want that fervent ardor? 'Tis this hath consum'd the nutriment of the great and more necessary Verities, and bred differences that are past any accommodation, but that of the *last dayes* decisions. The sight of that day will resolve us, and make us asham'd of our pety quarrels. Thus *Opinions* have rent the world asunder, and divided it almost into *indivisibles*. Had *Heraclitus* liv'd now, he had wept himself into *marble*, and *Democritus* would have broke his *spleen*. Who can speak of such fooleries without a *Satyr*, to see aged Infants so quarrel at *put-pin*, and the *doating* world grown child again? How fond are men of a bundle of *opinions*, which are no better then a bagge of *Cherry-stones*? How do they *scramble* for their *Nuts*, and *Apples*, and how zealous for their pety Victories? Methinks those grave contenders about *opinionative trifles*, look like aged *Socrates*

upon his boys *Hobby-horse*, or like something more *ludicrous*: since they make things their *seria*, which are scarce tolerable in their sportful *intervals*.

(4) To be *confident in Opinions* is ill manners, and *immodesty*; and while we are peremptory in our persuasions, we accuse them all of *ignorance* and *Error* that subscribe not our assertions. The *Dogmatist* gives the lye to all dissenting apprehenders, and proclaims his judgement fittest, to be the *Intellectual Standard*. This is that spirit of immorality, that saith unto dissenters, *Stand off, I am more Orthodox then thou art*: a vanity more capital then *Error*. He that affirms that things must needs be as he apprehends them, implies that none can be right till they submit to his *opinions*, and take him for their director. This is to invert the *Rule*, and to account a mans *self better then all men*.

(5) *Obstinacy in Opinions* holds the *Dogmatist* in the chains of *Error*, without hope of emancipation. While we are confident of all things, we are fatally deceiv'd in most. He that assures himself
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he never *erres*, will alwayes *erre* ; and his presumptions will render all attempts to inform him, ineffectual. We use not to seek further for what we think we are possess'd of ; and when falshood is without suspicion imbrac't in the stead of truth, and with confidence retained : Verity will be rejected as a supposed Error, and irreconcileably be hated, because it opposeth what is indeed so.

(6) It betrays a *poverty* and *narrowness* of *spirit*, in the Dogmatical assertors. There are a set of Pedants that are born to slavery. But the generous soul preserves the liberty of his judgement, and will not pen it up in an *Opinionative Dungeon* ; with an equal respect he examines all things, and judgeth as impartially as *Rhadamanth* : When as the Pedant can hear nothing but in favour of the conceits he is amorous of ; and cannot see, but out of the grates of his *prison*. The determinations of the nobler spirit, are but *temporary*, and he holds them, but till better evidence repeal his former apprehensions. He won't defile his assent by prostituting it to every conjecture, or
stuff

stuff his belief, with the luggage of uncertainties. The modesty of his expression renders him *infallible*; and while he only saith he *Thinks so*, he cannot be deceiv'd, or ever assert a *falsehood*. But the wise Monsieur *Charron* hath fully discours'd of this *Universal liberty*, and sav'd me the labour of enlarging. Upon the Review of my former considerations, I cannot quarrel with his *Motto*: in a sense *Je ne sçay*, is a justifiable *Scepticism*, and not mis-becoming a Candidate of *wisdom*. *Socrates* in the judgement of the *Oracle* knew more then *All men*, who in his own knew the least of *any*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIV.

AN APOLOGY
FOR
PHILOSOPHY.

IT is the glory of *Philosophy*, that *Ignorance* and *Phrensie* are her Enemies. Now to vindicate this abused *excellence* from the mis-reports of *stupid* and *Enthusiastick Ignorants*, I'll subjoyn this brief *Apology*: Lest those unintelligent maligners take an advantage from our discourse, to depretiate and detract from what hath been alway the object of their *hate*, because never of their *knowledge*, and *capacities*; Or, which is the greater mischief, lest this should discourage those enlarged souls, who aspire to the knowledge of God, and Nature, which is the most venial ambition.

bition. If *Philosophy* be *uncertain*, the former will confidently conclude it *vain*; and the later may be in danger of pronouncing the same on their pains, who seek it; if after all their labour they must reap the wind, meer opinion and conjecture.

But there's a part of *Philosophy*, that owes no answer to the charge. The *Scepticks*, *πῶτα ἐστὶ ἀβέβαια*, must have the qualification of an exception; and at least the *Mathematicks* must be privileged from the indictment. Neither yet are we at so deplorable a loss, in the other parts of what we call *Science*; but that we may meet with what will content ingenuity, at this distance from perfection, though all things will not compleatly satisfy strict and rigid *enquiry*. *Philosophy* indeed cannot immortalize us, or free us from the inseparable attendants on this state, *Ignorance*, and *Error*. But shall we malign it, because it entitles us not to an *Omniscience*? Is it just to condemn the *Physician*, because *Hephestion* dyed? Compleat knowledge
is

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is reserv'd to gratifie our glorified faculties. We are ignorant of some things from our specifical incapacity, as *men*; of more from our contracted, as *sinners*: and 'tis no fault in the *spectacles*, that the *blind man* sees not. Shall we, like sullen children, because we have not what we would; condemn what the benignity of Heaven offers us? Do what we can, we shall be imperfect in all our attainments; and shall we scornfully neglect what we may reach, because some things to mortality are denied? 'Tis madness to refuse the Largesses of divine bounty on *Earth*, because there is not an *Heaven* in them. Shall we not rejoyce at the gladsome approach of day, because it's over-cast with a cloud, and follow'd by the obscurity of night? All sublunary vouchsafements have their allay of a contrary; and uncertainty, in another kind, is the annex of all things this side the *Sun*. Even Crowns and Diadems, the most splendid parts of terrene attains; are akin to that, which *to day is in the field, and to morrow is cut*

cut down, and *wither'd*: He that enjoy'd them, and knew their worth, excepted them not out of the charge of *Universal Vanity*. And yet the Politician thinks they deserve his pains; and is not discourag'd at the inconstancy of humane affairs, and the lubricity of his subject.

He that looks perfection, must seek it above the *Empyreum*; it is reserv'd for *Glory*. It's that alone, which needs not the advantage of a foil: Defects seem as necessary to our now-happiness, as their Opposites. The most resurgent colours are the result of light and shadows. *Venus* was never the less beautiful for her Mole. And 'tis for the Majesty of Nature, like the *Persian Kings*, sometimes to cover, and not alway to prostrate her beauties to the *naked view*: yea, they contract a kind of splendour from the seemingly obscuring veil; which adds to the enravishments of her transported admirers. He alone sees all things with an unshadowed comprehensive Vision, who eminently is *All*: Only the God of *Nature* perfectly knows

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knows her ; and light without darkness is the incommunicable claim of him, that dwells in *Light inaccessible*. 'Tis no disparagement to *Philosophy*, that it cannot *Deifie* us, or make good the impossible promise of the *Primitive Deceiver*. It is that, which she owns above her, that must perfectly remake us after the Image of our Maker.

And yet those raised contemplations of God and Nature, wherewith *Philosophy* doth acquaint us ; enlarge and ennoble the spirit, and infinitely advance it above an ordinary level. The soul is always like the objects of its delight and converse. *A Prince* is as much above a *Peasant* in *spirit*, as *condition* : And man as far transcends the Beasts in largeness of desire, as dignity of Nature and employment. While we only converse with *Earth*, we are *like* it ; that is, unlike our selves : But when engag'd in 'more refin'd and intellectual entertainments ; we are somewhat more, than this narrow circumference of flesh speaks us. And, me thinks, those generous *Vertuoso's*, who dwell in an
higher

higher Region then other Mortals; should make a middle species between the *Platonical* *Owl*, and *common Humanity*. Even our Age in variety of glorious examples, can confute the conceit, that souls are equal: And the sole Instances of those illustrious Heroes, *Cartes*, *Gassendus*, *Galilao*, *Tycho*, *Harvey*, *More*, *Digby*; will strike dead the opinion of the worlds decay, and conclude it, in its *Prime*. And upon the review of these great Sages, me-thinks, I could easily opinion; that *men* may differ from *men*, as much as *Angels* from *unbodied Souls*: And, it may be, more can be pleaded for such a Metaphysical innovation, then can for a specifical diversity among our *Predicamental Opposites*. Such as these, being in a great part freed from the entanglements of a drossie Vehicle, are imploy'd like the Spirits above; in taking a survey of Natures Riches, and beginning those *Anthems* to their Maker, which Eternity must consummate. This is one part of the life of Souls.

While

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While we indulge to the *Sensitive* or *Plantal* Life, our delights are common to us with the creatures *below us* : and 'tis likely, they exceed us as much as in them, as in the senses their subjects ; and that's a poor happiness for man to aim at, in which Beasts are his Superiours. But those *Mercurial* souls, which were only lent the Earth to shew the world their folly in admiring it ; possess delights, which as it were antedate Immortality, and [though at an humble distance] resemble the joys *above*. The Sun and Stars, are not the worlds *Eyes*, but these : The *Celestial Argus* cannot glory in such an universal view. These out-travel theirs, and their *Monarchs* beams : skipping into *Vortexes* beyond their Light and Influence ; and with an easie twinkle of an Intellectual Eye look into the Centre, which is obscur'd from the upper Luminaries. This is somewhat like the Image of *Omnipresence* : And what the *Hermetical Philosophy* saith of *God*, is in a sense verifiable of the thus *ennobled soul*, That *its Centre is every where, but its circumference no where*.

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This is the ἀνδρὶς ἀνθρώπου; and what *Plotinus* calls so, the *divine life*, is somewhat more. Those that live but to the lower *concupiscible*, and relish no delights but *sensual*; it's by the favour of a *Metaphor*, that we call them *Men*. As *Aristotle* saith of Brutes, they have but the μιμητικὰ ἀνθρώπων ζῷα, only some shews and *Apish imitations* of *Humane*; and have little more to justify their Title to *Rationality*, then those *Mimick Animals*, the supposed *Posterity* of *Cham*: who, had they retain'd the priviledge of *Speech*, which some of the *Fathers* say they they own'd before the *Fall*; it may be they would plead their cause with them, and have laid strong claim to a *Parity*. Such, as these, are *Philosophies* Maligners, who computing the usefulness of all things, by what they bring to their *Barns*, and *Treasures*; stick not to pronounce the most generous contemplations, needless unprofitable subtilties: and they might with as good reason say, that the *light* of their *Eyes* was a superfluous provision of *Nature*, because it fills not their *Bellies*.

Thus

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Thus the greatest part of miserable Humanity is lost in Earth : and, if Man be an *inversed Plant* ; these are *inversed Men*, who forgetting that *Sursum*, which Nature writ in their Foreheads, take their Roots in this sordid Element. But the *Philosophical soul* is an *inverted Pyramid* ; Earth hath but a point of this *Aethereal Cone*. *Aquila non captat muscas*, The Royal Eagle flies not but at noble Game ; and a young *Alexander* will not play but with Monarchs. He that hath been cradled in Majesty, and used to Crowns and Scepters ; will not leave the Throne to play with Beggars at *Put-pin*, or be fond of *Tops* and *Cherry-stones* : neither will a Soul, that dwells with Stars, dabble in this impurer Mud ; or stoop to be a Play-fellow and Copartner in delights with the Creatures, that have nought but *Animal*. And though it be necessitated by its relation to flesh to a Terrestrial converse ; yet 'tis, like the *Sun*, without contaminating its Beams. For, though the body by a kind of *Magnetism* be drawn down to this *sediment* of universal dreggs ; yet the thus impregnate spi-

rit contracts a *Verticity* to objects above the *Pole*: And, like as in a falling Torch, though the grosser Materials hasten to their Element; yet the flame aspires, and, could it master the dulness of its load would carry it beyond the central activity of the *Terraqueous Magnet*. Such souls justify *Aristotles*, Νῆς δὲ ἐξ ἀνδρῶν καὶ θεῶν μόνον; and in allayed sense that title, which the *Stoicks* give it, of ἀπασσιν οὐσίᾳ. If we say, they are not in their bodies, but their bodies in them; we have the Authority of the divine *Plato* to vouch us: And by the favour of an easie simile we may affirm them to be to the body, as the light of a Candle to the gross, and fæculent snuff; which, as it is not pent up in it, so neither doth it partake of its stench and impurity. Thus, as the Roman Orator elegantly descants, *Erigimur, & latiores fieri videmur; humana despicimus, contemplantesq; supera & cælestia, hæc nostra, ut exigua & minima, contemnimus.*

And yet there's an higher degree, to which *Philosophy* sublimes us. For, as it teacheth a generous contempt of what the grovelling desires of *creeping* Mortals Idolize

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Idolize and dote on ; so it raiseth us to love and admire an Object , that is as much above terrestrial , as *Infinity* can make it. If *Plutarch* may have credit, the observation of Natures Harmony in the *celestial motions* was one of the first inducements to the belief of *a God* : And a greater then he affirms , that the visible things of the Creation declare him, that made them. What knowledge we have of them, we have in a sense of their Author. His face cannot be beheld by Creature-Opticks, without the allay of a reflexion ; and Nature is one of those mirrors, that represents him to us. And now the more we know of him, the more we love him, the more we are like him, the more we admire him. 'Tis here, that *knowledge wonders*; and there's an *Admiration*, that's not the *Daughter of Ignorance*. This indeed stupidly gazeth at the unwonted *effect* : But the Philosophick passion truly admires and adores the supreme *Efficient*. The *wonders* of the Almighty are not seen, but by those that go *down into the deep*. The *Heavens* declare their *Makers Glory* ; and *Philosophy theirs*,

— which by a grateful rebound returns to its *Original source*. The twinkling *span-gles*, the *Ornaments* of the upper world; lose their beauty and magnificence; while they are but the objects of our narrow'd senses: By them the *half* is not *told us*; and *Vulgar* spectators see them, but as a confused huddle of petty *Illuminants*. But *Philosophy* doth right to those *immense spheres*; and advantagiously represents their *Glories*, both in the vastness of their *proportions*, and regularity of their *motions*. If we would see the wonders of the *Globe* we dwell in; *Philosophy* must reare us above it. The works of God speak forth his mighty praise: A speech not understood, but by those that *know them*. The most Artful melody receives but little tribute of Honour from the *gazing beasts*; it requires skill to relish it. The most delicate musical accents of the *Indians*, to us are but *inarticulate hummings*; as questionless are ours to their otherwise *tuned Organs*. Ignorance of the Notes and Proportions, renders all *Harmony* unaffecting. A gay Puppet pleaseth children more, then the exactest

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exactest piece of *unaffected Art* : it requires some degrees of *Perfection* , to admire what is truly *perfect* ; as it's said to be an advance in Oratory to relish *Cicero*. Indeed the unobservant Multitude, may have some general confus'd apprehensions of a kind of *beauty*, that guilds the outside frame of the Universe : But they are Natures courser wares, that lye on the *stall*, expos'd to the transient view of every *common Eye* ; her choicer *Riches* are lock't up only for the sight of *them*, that will buy at the expence of *sweat* and *Oyl*. Yea, and the visible Creation is far otherwise apprehended by the *Philosophical Inquirer*, then the *unintelligent Vulgar*. Thus the *Physitian* looks with another Eye on the *Medicinal hearb*, then the *grazing Oxe*, which swoops it in with the common *grass* : and the Swine may see the *Pearl*, which yet he values but with the *ordinary muck* ; it's otherwise pris'd by the skilful *Feweller*.

And from this last Article, I think, I may conclude the charge , which hot-brain'd folly lays in against *Philosophy* ; that it leads to *Irreligion* , frivolous and

vain. I dare say, next after the *divine Word*, it's one of the best friends to *Piety*. Neither is it any more justly accountable for the impious irregularities of some, that have payd an homage to its shrine; then *Religion* it self for the sinful extravagances both *opinionative* and *practical* of high pretenders to it. It is a vulgar conceit, that *Philosophy* holds a confederacy with *Atheism* it self; but most *injurious*: for nothing can better antidote us against it; and they may as well say, that *Physicians* are the only *murtherers*. A *Philosophick Atheist*, is as good sense as a *Divine one*: and I dare say the Proverb, *Ubi tres Medici, duo Athei*, is a scandal. I think the Original of this conceit might be; That the Students of Nature, conscious to her more *cryptick* ways of working, resolve many strange effects into the nearer efficiency of *second causes*; which common Ignorance and Superstition attribute to the Immediate causality of the *first*: thinking it to derogate from the Divine Power, that any thing which is above their apprehensions, should not be reckon'd above *Natures* activity; though

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it be but his Instrument, and works nothing but as impower'd from him. Hence they violently declaim against all, that will not acknowledge a *Miracle*, in every extraordinary effect, as setting Nature in the Throne of *God*; and so it's an easie step to say, they deny him. When as indeed, Nature is but the chain of second causes; and to suppose second causes without a first, is beneath the *Logick* of *Gotham*. Neither can they [who, to make their reproach of Philosophy more *authentick*, alledge the Authority of an *Apostle* to conclude it *vain*] upon any whit more reasonable terms make good their charge; since this allegation stands in force but against its *abuse*, *corrupt sophistry*, or *traditionary impositions*, which lurk'd under the mask of so serious a name: At the worst, the Text will never warrant an universal conclusion any more; then that other, where the *Apostle* speaks of *silly women*, (who yet are the most rigid urgers of this) can justly blot the *sex* with an unexceptionable note of *infamy*.

Now, what I have said here in this short *Apology* for *Philosophy*, is not so strictly

strictly verifiable of any that I know, as the *Cartesian*. The entertainment of which among truly ingenuous unpossess'd *Spirits*, renders an after-commendation superfluous and impertinent. It would require a *wit* like its Authors, to do it right in an *Encomium*. The strict Rationality of the *Hypothesis* in the main, and the *critical* coherence of its parts, I doubt not but will bear it down to Posterity with a *Glo-ry*, that shall know no *term*, but the *Universal ruines*. Neither can the *Pedantry*, or prejudice of the present Age, any more obstruct its motion in that *supreme sphear*, wherein its desert hath plac'd it; then can the howling Wolves pluck *Cynthia* from her *Orb*; who regardless of their noise, securely glides through the undisturbed *Æther*. Censure here will disparage it self, not *it*. He that accuseth the *Sun* of *darkness*, shames his own *blind eyes*; not its *light*. The barking of *Cynicks* at that *Hero's* Chariot-wheels, will not sully the glory of his *Triumphs*. But I shall supersede this *endless* attempt: *Sun-beams* best commend themselves.

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